

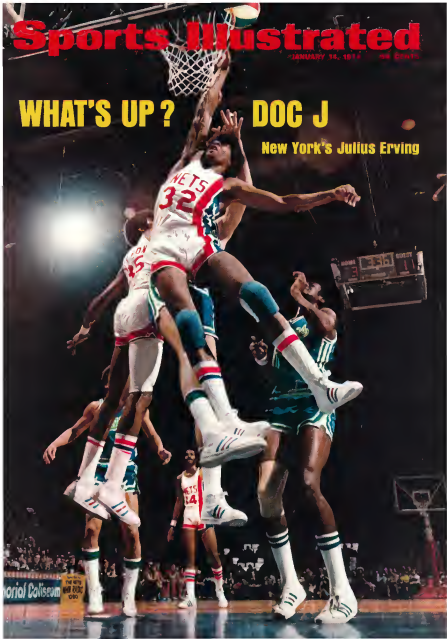
# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 14, 1974 48 CENTS

## WHAT'S UP?

## DOC J

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## Next week

FANCY PASSING will be needed from Fran Tarkenton, or the Vikings will be just another passing fancy and the Dolphins will have another Super Bowl victory. Tex Maule reports.

THE COUNTDOWN to the long-awaited rematch between Ali and Frazier has begun. Mark Kram scouts the two heavies in training and tells which one will win, and why.

OFF TO A BAD START and on to a good ending is how Steve Williams runs the 100. And how he does run! Kenny Moore visits the world-record holder. And how he does talk!

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Just one more big football game coming up, and this week we undertake the riskiest of all editorial stunts by unequivocally predicting the Super Bowl winner for you.

Well, that is what we thought we were going to do until late last week. Actually, we now present a *pair* of predictions, each from a highly qualified source but each arriving at a different bottom line. Tex Maule, the dean of our pro football writers, finally

switched to the Vikings for reasons he explains on page 50. Bud Goode, a Los Angeles statistician who believes mightily in computers (and understands them, moreover), tells us, beginning on page 42, why the Dolphins will win, and by how much. Or at least his computer does.

Goode, reports Joe Marshall, who wrote the story about him, is fundamentally opposed to gambling and worries that because he predicts the outcome people will take him for simply another line-maker. But he has spent years refining his techniques with the computer (the jargon runs to phrases like "factor analyses," "correlation matrix" and "multiple regression analysis") and he could no more resist making a prediction on the Super Bowl than Carl Eller could resist sacking Bob Griese if the opportunity arose.

Interviewing Goode, says Marshall, is a little like being in the company of an on-line, turned-on computer. "He's a nonstop talker to begin with and he's always saying computer sorts of things like, 'Statistically, you should never follow a truck. When I drive the freeways, I always think in terms of the numbers.' He uses the word 'correlate' a lot, and once I remarked that everything in his world seemed to correlate. 'Oh, yes,' he

said, 'Even boys and girls correlate, but that is a dichotomous variable.' " Once Goode had fed in all the relevant facts, it took the computer less than one second to decide that Miami would win next Sunday, and by how much.

Being human, Maule took a little longer to come up with his own regressive but correlated prediction. And, human y, he was able to abandon one set of conclusions in favor of another as his analysis progressed last week.

Maule doesn't mind mind computers, forgiving them even their vocabulary—reasonable enough, since he has himself contributed to the esoteric language of pro football. For example, he introduced SI readers to "stunting," the non-fashionable term for certain tricky defensive maneuvers, after the Detroit-Green Bay Thanksgiving Day game of 1962. Nevertheless, Maule believes there are elements in the game

that no machine can accommodate: the inventiveness of a coach's mind, for instance, can nullify the variables on which a game plan (or a computer prediction) is based. Maule also believes that balls do take funny bounces and that players can unpredictably rise (or fall) far from their normal levels. Putting it all together, Maule tossed out his first notion, which was that Miami would win, and voted for the Vikings. His choice for Super Bowl VIII was thus consistent and predictable, the Maule invariant, as he himself recognizes, was at work. He has always picked the NFL (or, since 1969, the NFC) representative. And three-sevenths of the time he has been right.

*Sack Maule*



## Waste Watcher Israel Proler — he collects steel cans by the millions

Israel Proler is one of America's new breed of waste watchers. The Chairman of Texas-based Proler International Corp., he is concerned about America's environmental shape. And he is doing something about it by reclaiming everything from junked autos to used tin cans.

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If you would like to know more about "waste watching," write to Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 150 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.



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*J. Comp. Path.* 1987; 18, 106-110

You're coming to the end of the fourth year, the end of many frustrations, many comforts. And of course the end is also the beginning.

The beginning of everything: a search for a job, a search for more specific education, a search for a place to work and live. Whatever the exact circumstance, you're about to enter a different universe.

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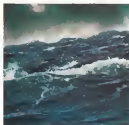
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Next year: cold slap in the face.**



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Ekofisk One. A million barrel oil storage tank that enables production to continue in any weather. From the bottom of the North Sea, it reaches 36 stories — 130 feet above the water.

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Marlboro Red  
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# Country



Kings, 16 mg "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine—  
100 s; 16 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept '73

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AMERICAN EXPRESS



# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## SHOWS AND NO-SHOWS

The no-show controversy bubbles on. The National Football League said that the federal law requiring teams to allow local telecasts of sold-out home games was responsible for 656,250 no-shows this past season, and argued that this caused an immediate financial decline in the areas of parking and concessions and will cause a future decline in season-ticket sales. Proponents of the anti-blackout law, among them Representative Torbert Macdonald of Massachusetts and Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island, claimed that the NFL was exaggerating the importance of no-shows and that the new four-year NFL television contract is expected to total \$220 million compared to \$184 million for the four-year contract that ran through this past season. Pastore commented on the "upgrading in value" of the television contract, but actually the ratings for NFL football, which were off slightly in 1972, were down a bit again this past season.

Meanwhile, a San Diego football fan named Don Peters has a suggestion that ignores the issue but could go a long way toward filling the empty seats left by no-shows, not to mention parking lots and concession stands. He proposes that an office, possibly staffed by volunteer workers, be established in each NFL city to function as a clearinghouse for no-show tickets. Fans without tickets would sign a waiting list, ticket holders not attending the game would advise the central office, and the no-show tickets would end up with the no-ticket people. If the idea works, a lot of eager fans would fill those cheerless empty spaces. It might be worth a try.

## REBEL YELL

The Southeastern Conference, proud bastion of Southern football, really took the pipe in postseason bowl games. The cream of the conference—Alabama, LSU, Auburn, Tennessee, Florida and Georgia—played in howls, and Alabama, LSU, Auburn, Tennessee and

Florida went down to defeat. Only Georgia, with an edgy one-point win over Maryland, salvaged anything.

Five defeats in six games is insufficient evidence for a blanket indictment, of course, but for the moment it appears that the rebel yell is "Ouch."

## INFANTICIPATING

Who is this mare Secretariat's name has been linked with, she who is to be the mother of his first child? According to Bill Taylor of Claiborne Farm, where Secretariat is at stud, she has no name, only a number, and Taylor could not even remember her number. She is an Appaloosa mare, one of that exotic spotted breed, and worth between \$500 and \$600. Taylor is not sure how old she is—"Seven, eight or nine, somewhere in there," he said—nor how many foals she has had before.

"I guess she's had four or five," he said. "She's been used pretty regularly as a nurse mare." Nurse mares are bred to any racing male in order to get them in foal so that they will be able to produce milk for thoroughbred foals whose mothers are unable to nurse them. The Secretariat mare's earlier foals were sold as riding horses or to the University of Kentucky for experimental purposes. The average price was \$50 to \$60.

What, \$50 or \$60 for Secretariat's first child, even an unfashionable, non-thoroughbred child? Taylor agreed that seemed low. "I had a mare once in foal to Buckpasser," he recalled, "and I got a nice piece of change for it. I think I sold it to a girl to use as a show horse." He thought the Secretariat foal might make a useful hunter or jumper.

Taylor was asked why the farm had not used a thoroughbred of no distinction as a test mare, on the chance that a usable racer might result. "The test mare has to be real gentle," he explained, "so that the horse won't get hurt. She must be very docile. Often, a young stallion acts roughly and strongly, and thoroughbred mares usually won't stand for that.

They're very high-strung and nervous.

"And it's the wrong time of year. This foal will be born next October or November. Under racing rules it will officially become a year old the following Jan. 1, when it actually will be only a couple of months old.

"Besides, the shareholders in the syndicate that owns the stallion wouldn't want it."

O.K. Now the only question is, What should the foal be named? Trial Run?

## VAULTING AMBITION

Devising and utilizing a computer program of mathematical equations, two Kansas State University engineering professors have concluded that among track and field athletes, pole vaulters are underachievers. Dr. Philip G. Kirmser and Dr. Hugh S. Walker assert that the present world record in the pole vault (18' 5 1/4") is far under what it should be. The two believe a 20-foot vault is not improbable, although they say the 20-foot vault-



er will have to have a gymnastics background and a new type of pole. "The pole needs to be more flexible than the fiberglass poles now in use," says Kirmser.

The professors also decided that the longer a vault takes—that is, the more time the vaulter is off the ground—the better the vault will be. "A good vault," says Kirmser, "takes from 1.1 to 1.2 seconds from start to finish. A jump that takes only .8 or .9 seconds is a poor jump.

continued

# Museum replica jewelry from the art treasures of four continents



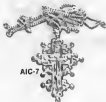
PH-15



DO-9



PH-2



AIC-7



XH-100



WOR-12N



PH-10P

PH-11P

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**PH-15** Ashanti fish pendant on chain. Gold\*. West Africa. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$9.75.

**DO-9** Byzantine cross on chain. Gold\* with green center. Dumbarton Oaks Collection. \$6.50.

**AIC-7** Greek cross on chain. Gold\*. Art Institute of Chicago. \$6.00.

**PH-2** Japanese sword guard with leaves. pendant on chain. Gold\*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$8.50.

**XH-100** Aztec calendar. pendant on chain. Gold\* or silver\*\*. Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City. \$8.50.

**WOR-12N** Pre-Columbian double eagle pendant on chain. Gold\*. Worcester Art Museum. \$8.50. WOR-12P. Pin. \$7.50.

**PH-10P** Renaissance key pin with crown. Gold\*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$6.50.

**PH-11P** Renaissance key pin with sphinxes. Gold\*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$6.00.

## Museum Collections

Dept. T, Box 696, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019



We know a poor vault instantly. A good one always lasts longer."

It's difficult to argue with that. The higher a man jumps the longer it should take for him to get back down. It sounds a little like Calvin Coolidge's dictum, "When a great many people are unable to find work, unemployment results."

#### GAME BALL

In this day and age, when success in sport is measured too often by the dollar sign, it is a pleasure to come across Robert Vanderbrook, a 22-year-old medical student at Louisiana State University. Vanderbrook was in the stands at the Sugar Bowl on New Year's Eve and caught the game-winning field goal kicked by Notre Dame's Bob Thomas. Afterward he made for the dressing room and as he waited outside an exuberant Notre Dame fan offered him \$500 for the ball. Vanderbrook said no. The father of Tom Clements, the Notre Dame quarterback who was named Most Valuable Player in the game, heard the exchange and asked Vanderbrook what he intended to do with the ball. "I want to give it to Coach Parseghian," the LSU student said. Clements got him into the dressing room and to Parseghian, who very much wanted the ball, and asked, "What can we give you for it?" Vanderbrook said he'd kind of like a souvenir, so Parseghian gave him another ball that had been used in the game, three jerseys (one for Vanderbrook, one for his brother and one for a friend) and posed for a photograph.

Later, Vanderbrook was asked if it had been a difficult decision, rejecting the \$500 offer for the ball.

"Sort of," he admitted, "but I really wanted the coach to have it. If it had been an LSU game and we had won and I had caught the ball, I'd have wanted to give it to Charlie McClendon. It means a lot more to the coach than it would to me."

#### ARA'S IDEA

Notre Dame won college football's national championship for Parseghian with that narrow victory over Alabama in the Sugar Bowl and, later, over Ohio State in the final Associated Press poll. But the Notre Dame coach believes the way it came about is all wrong.

Parseghian advocates a championship playoff of the top college teams at the various bowl sites, with priority given to

the four major bowls. More than that, however, Parseghian says this old idea should be fully examined and acted upon once and for all. "Every year the same thing happens," he says. "People start talking about a playoff and how difficult it is to reach a significant pairing at a bowl game. This year the Sugar Bowl had the opportunity, but a lot of things had to fall into place before it happened."

"What the NCAA or somebody should do is hire a man to promote the idea among the college administrators, coaches and bowl officials and find out exactly where they stand on playoffs. Air this thing out completely. Let all the proposals and objections be heard. Finally, one of three conclusions could be reached. Playoffs can be held, or they can't be held, or there's enough interest to work out an acceptable format. It might take a year or two to do it but I think it would be worthwhile."

Parseghian believes national titles won in playoffs are more significant than those awarded by voters. This is not to say, however, that he believes Notre Dame's current championship status is even slightly tarnished. "We were able to win ours on the field," he says, "where it counts."

#### DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Some people like to bet on horses. Some people like to bet on the economy. Some people go for both. Calder Race Course in Florida, in an effort to be all things to all gamblers, has installed a machine in its Turf Club that gives horse players quick information on how General Motors is doing while they are watching the tote board to see how their colts or fillies did. Too bad telephones are barred at racetracks. Otherwise lovers could regroup—or get in even deeper—by calling their brokers.

#### TRACK DOWN

The most famous, or at any rate the most historic, running track in the U.S. is the one in the Coliseum in Los Angeles, where the Olympic Games were held in 1932 and myriad famous races have been run since. Now reports say that Carrell Rosenbloom, owner of the Los Angeles Rams, has asked authorities for permission to remove the track and drop the level of the field several feet so that more seats can be constructed closer to the action. It seems a shame but an official

pointed out that the popular Rams, particularly now that they are winning again, draw huge crowds to the Coliseum Sunday after Sunday, whereas track meets, for the most part, draw sparsely.

The limited spectator appeal of track is evident on the other side of the country, too. The Philadelphia Track Classic was humped from a preferred Friday night date at the Spectrum and had to settle for a Monday. The Monday that was assigned—Jan. 28—seemed safe enough: there would be no basketball or hockey games that night, at any rate. Then someone realized it was the night of the Frazer-Alh heavyweight fight, and the Spectrum is a choice site for closed-circuit TV. In a spirit of cooperation, or perhaps desperation, the Track Classic moved up its starting time to get the meet over before the fight began.

Only 4,800 tickets (priced at \$5 and \$6) will be sold for the track meet, all of them in advance. The remaining 10,000 (at \$10 and \$15) will be saved for fight fans. Those who attend the track meet can remain for the fight, which makes the track ticket an impressive bargain. Even so, because Philadelphia fight fans traditionally buy tickets at the gate, few are expected to shell out for track tickets ahead of time.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Woody Hayes, Ohio State coach: "When we lose a game, nobody's madder at me than me. When I look in the mirror in the morning, I want to take a swing at me. I'm only interested in playing one fellow, and that's Woody Hayes. He's the hardest of all to please."

• Augie Donatelli, retired National League umpire, asked if he had ever made any bad calls: "Now what the hell. Do you think I'd admit to that?"

• Bob Knechenberg, Miami Dolphin left guard, on the hidden asset of playing with a steel pin in his broken arm: "The unusual thing is that ever since they put this pin in I've been getting great reception on my car radio. I wonder what'll happen when I try to get on an airplane."

• Don Canham, University of Michigan athletic director, on the financial future for college athletics: "There is not an athletic department in the country where officials are optimistic about the financial outlook five years from now. Not at our place, not at Notre Dame, not at USC. To me, that's frightening." **END**

# HOUNDED BY HIS HEIRS

*At the heels of Jack Nicklaus as the 1974 pro tour began last week was an aggressive pack of young players hoping to bring him to bay*

by DAN JENKINS

If you only looked at it casually, through the normal rain, sleet and wind of the Monterey Peninsula, or around the fireplaces where the usual quota of actors and singers gathered to thank Bing Crosby for investing golf, it seemed that another year for the professional tour began last week in pretty much the same old way. There would be another \$8 million out there to play for at tournaments named for celebrities, hotels, industries, amusement parks or some locale known intimately to its friends as "Greater." Like Jacksonville, New Orleans or Greensboro.

This was not the case, however. There was a new excitement in the air, a new sort of talk going around, and a lot of fresh words were entering the vocabularies of everybody concerned. Words like Berman and Designated Open and Crenshaw and Muhaffey and some other words that have been around a while but suddenly are used with more frequency. Weiskopf and Miller and Wadkins, for examples. Three very big words.

What the sport has on its hands is a new era, actually. And it looks as if it is going to be every hook, slice or shank as thrilling as the late 1950s, which brought on the Palmers, Nicklauses, Players, Caspers and Littlers, or the late 1930s, which turned out the Hogans, Sneads, Nelsons and Demarets.

Last week's Crosby was a perfect time to dwell on all this because the 1974 tour was beginning with the best and most orderly schedule in history, the game had a new commissioner in Deane Beman, and very clearly Jack Nicklaus had some keen-eyed competition moving up on him in the form of Tom Weiskopf, who has entered the superstar category, and

Johnny Miller and Lanny Wadkins and Ben Crenshaw, the best of the most recent wagonload of child heroes to roll in from *Sesame Street*. It was also convenient to dwell on all this during the Crosby because for several days there was very little golf played.

Thursday's round was both washed and blown away, Friday's was played in a damp, gray breeze and Saturday's was jolted by rain, wind, hail and, finally, darkness that stranded 50 guys in the woods with the deer. The third round was played Sunday, though it was cold and soggy, but by Monday the greens had become rivers and the final round was put off. Johnny Miller led by four strokes, but it looked as if it might take until February for him or anyone else to win it.

You ordinarily would not think that Miller, Weiskopf, Wadkins and Crenshaw had much in common. Two of them are tall and two are short. Their ages range from 31 to 22. And they come from Ohio and Texas and California and North Carolina. But the things they have in common are the following: superb golfing skill and style, the ability to hit the tee shot about seven thousand miles, different but refreshing and distinctive personalities, and a furious desire to beat Jack Nicklaus—by wrestling or fistfighting if necessary.

They also fall into a nice group that might be labeled the non-moaners. Most golfers tend toward pessimism and complaint, and there is nearly always some-

thing wrong with their game. If not their putters, then their aching shoulders. But Miller, Weiskopf, Wadkins and Crenshaw, not just last week but last year when they were "arriving," spoke a different language. Their confidence practically oozed.

"I'm playing better than I've ever played in my life," Miller said, prophetically, just before the Crosby began.

Weiskopf said, "Everybody said I ought to have a letdown after the British Open, and my life would get complicated. I'm playing great. I don't see why I ever have to play bad. And I love attention. Man, so far I think the heat's fun."

Wadkins said, "You can just get ready for me to win a major championship."

And Crenshaw said, "I'm just gonna try to make 30,000 birdies and see what happens."

Just behind Nicklaus but still slightly ahead of this group of extra special talents are the palace guards, Lee Trevino and Gary Player. Their games have not exactly gone south. And pressing Crenshaw closely in youthful potential are John Mahaffey, Len Thompson, Tom Watson and Tom Kite, plus a few others the public will hear a lot more about.

In no minor way, last year belonged as much to Nicklaus as it did to these new stars who shoved their way into our consciousness. Nicklaus, after all, won that record 14th major championship when he took the PGA in Cleveland. But he captured seven other tournaments as

*continued*

*Now we includes Tom Weiskopf, the British Open champion (top), John Miller, U.S. Open winner (center), and Lanny Wadkins, pending.*



well, counting the World Cup in Spain when he teamed with Miller for the good old U.S.A.

Nor were the other crowd pleasers idle. Player won on three different continents—as usual—Trevino sneaked in a couple of victories in Florida, Billy Casper, who seemed not to be around much, got a win. Arnold Palmer even won a tournament. But none of these made the year, or caused the excitement and anticipation about the future.

Weiskopf's streak over an eight-month period was the biggest news. It turned him into the player he had shown so much promise of becoming. It gave him a major title, and thus a loftier social status on the circuit. It also gave him more unofficial money—close to \$350,000—than anyone had ever won in a single year, including all of Nicklaus' best years. It made Weiskopf a career millionaire (by world golf standards) along with Nicklaus, Palmer, Casper, Trevino, Player and Bruce Crampton.

"Maybe that's why everybody thinks I'm a better guy now," he jokes.

Weiskopf's streak never really got the attention it deserved. Starting in mid-May and ending in early December, here in order is what he did:

Won Colonial, finished second in Atlanta, won Kemper, won Philadelphia, finished third in the U.S. Open, fifth at Akron, won the British Open, won the Canadian Open, finished third at Westchester, sixth in the PGA, third in the U.S. Match Play, won the World Series, finished third in the John Player Classic in Scotland, finished third at Cincinnati, third in the Piccadilly, and won the South African PGA.

The startling statistics one can get out of all this are just that—startling. Weiskopf won seven of those 16 tournaments, never finished worse than sixth, was 14 times in the top three, and won in four different countries.

"The British Open was the big thing," he says, "but next best thing was beating Jack a few times."

Weiskopf and Nicklaus had quite a battle, thinking back on it; the champion was out there punching with a tough contender. Jack won four tournaments Tom was in, and Tom won three tournaments Jack was in. They each got a major championship, and they each wound up with some kind of Golfer of the Year award. But probe deeper and it is discov-

ered that in the 15 events both entered, Weiskopf finished ahead of Nicklaus nine times.

"I didn't know that," Weiskopf says, "I gotta tell the Bear he's over the hill."

Johnny Miller did it all pretty much in one week, or in one day, when he shot that 63 at Oakmont and won the U.S. Open. Well, let's say two weeks, for he nearly won the British Open in a battle with Weiskopf.

The same was true of Crenshaw. He exploded at the end, coming out of the PGA's qualifying school to win the first tournament he entered, and then following that up with a near-miss, second place at Pinehurst.

Wadkins was a little different. He won two tournaments, all right, but he was also the practice round champion of the Western world, and his pleasingly cocky attitude, matched with this, earned him the reputation among the other players as a mini-tiger.

"All through my streak," says Weiskopf, "Lanny was beating my brains out on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday."

Wadkins is also a fairly good needler. He went up to Arnold Palmer at one point last year and said, "You must have been a hell of a player in your day."

For all of these bright talents, and the old standbys as well, there is a new stage for their act. There are still eight tournaments named for show-biz types, and four named for companies, and two for hotels and two more for amusement parks, but it will all come to a sensible conclusion by Nov. 3. Good. Two months off.

Five tournaments have been lost—St. Louis, Robinson, the Match Play, the Atlanta Classic and the L&M Open—but what has been gained is a solid plus. Besides the new Tournament Players Championship, which is being called the "backup PGA" and which will be rotated around the country, and besides the rebirth of the National Team Championship at the Walt Disney World layout in Orlando, golf now has a thing that is likely to gain the name of the Designated Open.

There will be three Designated Opens this year, at Colonial in Fort Worth, at Kemper in Charlotte and at the World in Pinehurst. A Designated Open is something that everybody who matters to the public "must" play in, or they will be sent to prison by Joe Dey, the out-



From Texas comes a not-so-Bearcat Ben.



Burly Leonard Thompson bunked \$91,156.



Tom Watson is a two-time almost-winner.



Bats are that Tom Kite will soon fly high.

going commissioner, or Deane Beman, the incoming commissioner.

Why those three tournaments?

"Because they are well-run events on great golf courses," Joe Dey explains, referring to Colonial, Quail Hollow and Pinchurst.

The hope of Beman, as it is of Dey, is that there eventually will be 10 Designated tournaments; class events, in other words, putting up a minimum of \$250,000, and for which a Nicklaus and a Weiskopf and a Trevino and a Palmer will be guaranteed to the sponsor.

Obviously, a lot of tournaments are never going to be among the elite and might feel like stepchildren, and might—maybe—decide they do not even want to be tournaments anymore. Immediately, one would have to wonder about Memphis. It falls exactly between Colonial and Kemper, two of the three "musts." Memphis is not a "must." If Memphis draws anybody other than Harry Vardon and Old Tom Morris, the sponsors will deserve a ticker-tape parade.

Beman says, "We have to be progressive and we have to be realistic. We want good tournaments on good golf courses, and to get that the sponsor wants a good field. I think we'll always have the smaller tournaments, enough at least, because they want the circus to come to town once a year."

One thing the pros did not particularly want was Deane Beman as commissioner. Or any other player. They were almost unanimous in the feeling that the selection of a player or former player as their leader would be difficult because it would be impossible for that fellow ever to gain the respect of the other players.

For more than two months they all talked about replacing Joe Dey with a "high-powered businessman" who could tell them what to do and make them like it. How hard the PGA looked for such a person is not known, but the only people who were actually interviewed by the 10-man board were Deane Beman, Dan Sikes, Jay Hebert, all players; Jack Tutthill, the PGA tournament director; and a lawyer and a broadcasting executive whom Dey prefers not to name.

In Beman they chose a young man, 35, a man who won a tournament last year, a man who admitted at Pebble Beach that he had never made many close friends on the tour other than Bert Yancey, a man noted more for his accomplishments

as an amateur, and, incidentally, a man who had never joined the PGA.

"Look," Beman said. "I'm sure some of the guys are disappointed, and it was hard for me to give up playing. I think I know what's good for the game and what's good for the tour. I'm going to be fair and go by the rules. I hope to earn the respect of the players, if I don't have it now."

Beman paused, then added: "I'll say this. I hope there aren't too many fellows out here who are that deeply disappointed. Because I am the commissioner."

Joe Dey couldn't resist a little joke, having not quite retired as yet. He smiled at the young man who will replace him.

"Deane," said Dey, "actually, you're still just a commissioner trainee."

And Joe Dey thought of something else. He looked across a room in the Del Monte Lodge at Johnny Miller and Ben Crenshaw. He looked out the window at Pebble Beach, which holds its charm even in a dark sky. And he looked back at a confident Deane Beman.

"My goodness," Joe said. "This game is in splendid shape."

END

John Mahaffey was the Sultan of the Sahara.



# FEASTING ON THE UNFORTUNATES

*Its appetite for three squares as hearty as its hockey talent, a Russian team shows in a devastating American visit why the Soviets should forget the small fry and arrange a rematch with the big* **by MARK MULVOY**

The making and eventual unmaking of Russian hockey players roughly parallels their progress in picking up certain words and phrases of the English language. As rookies the Soviets learn how to say "Hi" and "Boo-by Orr." On their next several trips to North America they master the tricky terms "room service" and "three Cokes cold." Once they become veterans of the international circuit, they discover the magic word "Smirnoff," as in vodka on the rocks. When that happens, though, they might soon find themselves coaching pee-wee teams in South Moscow or Siberia.

By Russian standards the Moscow Selects—really the Soviet National Team playing under an assumed name—may still be in the Boo-by Orr and room service stages of hockey development, but last week they put three more teams on the rocks during their eight-game U.S.

tour and they left little doubt that only three North American clubs—the Boston Bruins, the Montreal Canadiens and a new Team Canada—would be in their class. The Selects are all-stars from the Russian major league and their average age is less than 24. On New Year's night in Colorado Springs they toyed with Denver University 9-1, then flew west to play three teams in the professional Western Hockey League. In frigid Portland, where the noisy home crowd kept yelling, "We gave them the wheat, you give them the chaff," the Selects gave the Buckaroos the business, scoring eight goals, hitting the post five other times and then securing their 8-3 victory by organizing a pentagonal shell around center ice and playing keepaway with the puck for most of the last 10 minutes.

For the Selects' next game in rainy San Diego, their third in three nights, Coach

Vsevolod Bobrov rested his best forward line, including Right Wing Valery Kharlamov, the swiftest Soviet, and played his Kid Line of Vyacheslav (Fast-Relief) Anisin, Yuri Lebedev and Aleksandr Bodunov instead. The kids combined to produce goals the first three times they took the ice. Lebedev got the hat trick and the potent Soviet power play needed only eight and then 11 seconds to score goals the first two times San Diego players went to the penalty box. Late in the game the Selects were ahead 8-3 and seemed quite content not to run up the score, but a San Diego defenseman aroused them by taking an unnecessary swipe at Anisin. In an angry exhibition of powerful finesse, the Russians whipped in three goals in the final 85 seconds to win 11-3. Two nights later, weary and overconfident, the Selects caught a fired-up Seattle Totems team



As San Diego Goalie Jim McKay bats down a Russian shot, Red Wings Aleksandr Veichkev (8) and Konstantin Klimov (12) zero in on rebound.

and were beaten 8-4, but their U.S. record was 6-1 and their point was made.

What the Russians were accomplishing was a strong case for a return to the best competition this continent can offer. "It is clear that we have outclassed this kind of opponent," Bobrov said in San Diego. "There is only one league left for us now: the NHL. We must grow, they must grow—and the only way for both of us to grow, to advance in hockey, is to play each other. It is imperative that we play six or eight games at the least against the NHL next year." Boris Kulagin, who is the technical brain behind the Selects (Bobrov represents the political front), agreed. "We both will boil in our own syrup," he said, puffing a U.S. cigarette, "unless we play each other immediately." The postmortems merely increased the serious hockey fans' feeling of frustration, because two Soviet teams had been scheduled to play a total of eight games against NHL clubs six weeks ago. Those plans were scrapped when 1) the Russians refused to pay taxes on their share of the profits—potentially a \$250,000 slice—and 2) the International Ice Hockey Federation's mysterious Bunny Ahearn, speaking from his base in hockey-loving England, threatened to withhold his official sanction.

Since losing to Team Canada's NHL All-Stars 15 months ago in the most thrilling hockey series ever played, the Soviets have reorganized. This process began with a purge of some top-level personages. Hockey boss Andrei Starovtov followed Anatoly Tarasov, the successful former national team coach and "father of Russian hockey," into obscurity. Several older members of the national team, notably Defenseman Aleksandr Ragulin and Forward Anatoly Firsov, were, as Kulagin said, "given the farewell treatment"—removal to minor coaching positions. With Ragulin, alas, went the free-spirited hijinks that usually marked the Soviets' visits to the U.S. Last week the players were kept under close scrutiny inside their hotels, and the coaches scheduled long tactical meetings between meals. One night Aleksandr Yakushev, the Selects' best left wing and probably the most complete left wing in all hockey, did try to purchase a bottle of vodka for a birthday party—his own—but he lost interest when the cocktail waitress



Valery Kharlamov was the dressiest Red.

at a motel lounge told him it would cost \$23 over the counter.

On the tactical level, Kulagin has introduced several effective changes. "We will never abandon our collective game," he said, "and we will never become a bunch of fighters and wrestlers and karate choppers like they have in the NHL. We are seeking an in-between. We want to be stable in our nervous system, not madmen." This year, Kulagin says, there has been twice as much body checking in the Russian major league as ever before and more individual play, too, particularly on defense, the one area in which the Soviets still have discernible problems. "One Boo-by Orr would take care of that for us," Kulagin said. "What we need are more mobile defensesmen. They do not participate enough."

Kulagin has also altered the Soviets' attacking pattern, the better to utilize a flock of left-handed shooters. Of the 15 forwards who dressed for the games in Portland and San Diego only one, Center Vladimir Petrov, was right-handed. To accommodate his lefties—the Kharlamovs, Yakushevs and top rookies such as Aleksandr Volchikov and the members of the Kid Line—Kulagin has introduced an exciting new counterclockwise offense in which the two wingmen constantly circle around the net at full speed and wait for passes from their centerman. "What they do is lovely to watch," said Port-

land Coach Ron Stewart. "The trouble is, it's so lovely that our guys tend to do just that—stand around and watch."

Hockey aside, the most striking change in the Russians since the Team Canada series involves their physical and material presence. When they arrived in Montreal for the games with Team Canada, the Russians all had short army-style haircuts and wore gray, brown and navy-blue clothes. On the West Coast last week they could have passed for any NHL team away from home. The players wore their hair long, with sideburns plunging several inches below the bottom of the ears. Kharlamov one day sported a maroon suit with wide lapels and a belted buck. Captain Boris Mikhailov showed off a pair of plaid pants with high cuffs and a tailored double-breasted blazer. And they all wore shoes or boots with elevated heels. It is quite possible the decline and fall of the Soviet empire has begun.

Thanks to the sponsoring Amateur Ice Hockey Association of the U.S., the Russians did not lack for the little niceties. While in the U.S. they ran up daily hotel bills of more than \$1,500, including almost \$1,000 for food charges—some \$30 daily for each of the 29 members of the party. "The first thing they do when they check into a hotel is call room service and order some hors d'oeuvres and vodka," said Walter Bush Jr., president of the Minnesota North Stars and an organizer of the tour. In Minneapolis, Bobrov persuaded Bush to take him shopping one day, and when they had finished Bobrov owned a new set of hub caps, a dozen polished dashboard knobs and new hot-rod sidewalls for his old car back in Moscow. "He bought everything except gas," Bush said. Toward the end of the tour Bush tried to save meal money by booking the Russians on a dinner flight from San Diego to Seattle. When Bobrov discovered that a Boston-New York NHL game would be on television that night in Seattle, he rescheduled the flight for midafternoon and planned a tremendous team dinner after the game.

Meals and massacres—that was the gist of the Soviet story. Their financial take from the visit will be only about \$25,000—minus what Bobrov has to pay for a new pair of shin pads for goalie Aleksandr Sidelnikov. Make that \$24,700, Comrade.

END

# THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT KILLING

*At \$3,500 a crack, Curtis Jackson Prock guided "guaranteed" jaguar hunts where no jaguars had been seen in 60 years* by **ROBERT F. JONES**

In an era when hunting is under the gun, the last thing the sport needs is the sort of outdoors immorality revealed last month in Boise, Idaho. It was the final chapter of a tale of illegal, cold-blooded slaughter that would have made an *Esau* blush. The victims were a black leopard and four spotted jaguars, all of them caged and illegally smuggled into New Mexico, then released before the guns of hunters who had been told they were shooting "wild varmints."

Before Judge J. Blaine Anderson in the U.S. District Court in Boise, the perpetrator of the misdeeds, Curtis Jackson Prock, 60, of McCall, Idaho and Belize City, Belize, pleaded *nolo contendere* to conspiracy, one of six counts contained in an indictment issued by a New Mexico federal grand jury. The other five counts were dismissed on a motion by Assistant U.S. Attorney Wilbur Nelson.

Prock, one of the West's most renowned hunting guides, was an organizer of "guaranteed" hunts in which the price of a jaguar ran to \$3,500. Until recently Prock conducted what are assumed to be wholly legal jaguar hunting operations on his ranch in Belize. There he guided such well-known outdoorsmen as Joe Foss, former governor of North Dakota and commissioner of the old American Football League, and John Connally, former governor of Texas, on cat hunts that inevitably produced. Then, on March 30, 1972, the jaguar was declared an "endangered species" whose hunting was forbidden worldwide except under the most stringent of licensing procedures. That closed down Prock's Belize operation—at least temporarily.

Soon afterward, wealthy hunters who contacted Prock began hearing strange and exciting yarns of wild jaguars on the loose in southern New Mexico. According to Dr. James S. Findley, curator of mammals at the University of New Mexico's Museum of Southwestern Biology, there have been only three authenticated sightings of jaguars in the state in this

century—and the most recent of these took place before 1910. But Prock was right. There were jaguars in New Mexico simply because Prock was releasing them from cages virtually under the rifle sights of his enthusiastic hunters.

The locale where the cats were said to be pocketed was the high country around Apache Creek, about a day's drive southwest of Albuquerque. In early August 1972 Prock began bringing clients into the Apache Creek country, and jaguars began to die. On the 10th and 11th of that month, according to the indictment, one Rodolfo F. Barrera, a wealthy businessman of Monterrey, Mexico, paid Prock for the privilege of zapping two cats there. Over the next seven months seven more jags were taken, as well as three cougars and two bobcats. Enforcement officers of both the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service uncovered evidence that some, if not all, of the cats were trapped and illegally imported.

Prock's clients have told investigators a chilling story of how all this occurred. The cats that finally appeared as targets for Prock's hunter were probably either trapped somewhere in Latin America and then smuggled across the Mexican border (in the case of the jag), or brought in across state lines (as with some of the cougars and certainly the leopard). In one case an agent in Spokane discovered that on Oct. 30, 1972 Denver Hammons (who was named one of Prock's co-conspirators) appeared at the Southwest Animal Farm in Blackstone, Mass. and picked up a jaguar, a grizzly bear, an arctic wolf and a black leopard, along with two cougars. He paid for the animals with a \$3,900 check signed by C. J. Prock.

To anyone who has ever hunted wild game, the ease with which Prock's "guaranteed hunts" went off should have been as suspiciously smelly as a week-old wolf carcass. Take the experience of Dr. Arthur Bator of East Lansing, Mich. Bator is an optometrist and an inveterate sheep

hunter. He has had enough experience to know how challenging a big-game hunt can be. Yet on the morning of Feb. 17, 1973, within a few minutes of his arrival at the Apache Creek country, he had a jaguar in the sights of his rifle, and an instant later it was dead. "A bell should have rung right then," Bator said later, "but sometimes it will happen for you that way—only rarely, to be sure—but it can happen. Then, only about an hour later, by darn if we didn't have a bobcat bayed. I shot it. That afternoon we got a mountain lion. Three trophy cats in one day's hunting. When the agents began checking with me on the details of the hunt, and I became aware that it had probably been 'canned,' I was as sick at my soul as a hunter could ever be."

Bator has a photograph of himself and Prock posed beside the carcass of the jaguar. The two men have assumed the traditional mien of the successful hunter, though Dr. Bator looks a bit worried. Perhaps it is because his freshly slain tropical cat is lying in about four inches of fresh-fallen snow.

Another client of Prock's was Bill Beebe, an outdoors writer from Santa Monica, Calif. Beebe hunted black bears with Prock last April in Idaho, near the guide's ranch. His partner on the hunt was Bill Poole, a big-game enthusiast who makes his living as the owner and highly efficient skipper of a long-range party boat.

The first day Beebe and Poole sat in Prock's truck while his dog pack howled vainly after a bear it could not tree. "Prock told us not to worry, there were plenty more bears around," Beebe recalled. "At four the next morning C.J.'s wife Dorothy came pounding at the door of our motel room. 'Come on,' she yelled, 'C.J.'s got a bear treeed.'" According to Beebe, he was a little suspicious when Mrs. Prock told him that C.J. had the bear cornered about four or five miles down a dirt road on the outskirts of town and to look for his truck on the left-hand side of the road.

They found Prock, all right, and a bear cornered in a stand of lodgepole pine. Bill Poole killed it. An hour later the dogs bayed another bear, and it was up to Beebe to shoot it. "I did," Beebe recalls, "but I'm not a damned bit proud that I did. When it tumbled out of the tree I saw that its hide was badly rubbed. In April a bear should be fresh out of hibernation, with a hide as thick and glossy



as an Afghan rug. I wondered then about the scrapes—that they might have been the result of caging. And just as I never had the guts to say no and let that bear go, I never had the guts to ask Prock if the bear had been a released animal."

One hunter who did have the guts to say no to a Prock setup was Roy L. Goulart, a real-estate magnate from El Cajon, Calif. On the morning of Feb. 19, 1973 Goulart was offered a shot at a jaguar cornered by Prock's dogs in the Apache Creek area. Goulart refused the shot; the cat was too small for his taste. Prock was dismayed, but that night he brought another cat—this time a good-sized one—into Goulart's sights. Goulart took it. Like so many of the men who hunted with Prock, Goulart had no license, and thus his name appeared in the indictment, though not as one of those indicted.

Most of the detective work in the case was performed by Nando Mauldin, 46,

formerly assistant chief of wildlife enforcement for the New Mexico Game and Fish Department and now an administrative staff officer with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. During his nearly 19 years with the department Mauldin was the busiest buster of game-law violators in New Mexico's history. But the Prock case was probably the biggest—and surely the most scandalous—of his career. It came to his attention after a federal wildlife agent in Spokane, Dale Horne, discovered some jaguar hides sent from New Mexico in the inventory of the Knopp Bros. Taxidermy Studio. Horne knew there were no wild jaguars in New Mexico and the investigation came into Mauldin's hands.

Under the Lacey Act, which prohibits interstate transportation of unlawfully taken wild animals, Prock was liable to a \$10,000 fine and/or a year in prison for each of his alleged violations. On the conspiracy charge the penalties are the same. Moreover, courts usually look sternly at second offenders: Prock had been convicted of a Lacey Act violation in Arizona on June 19, 1964 when a U.S. District Court judge fined him \$300 and suspended a 90-day prison sentence, at

the same time forbidding Prock any further guiding in Arizona.

Despite Prock's past performance, Judge Anderson was remarkably lenient. He fined Prock \$5,000 and sentenced him to a year in prison, plus two years probation, on the conspiracy charge—then suspended all of that sentence except for a \$2,000 fine.

"You bet your life I'm mad," exclaimed Rick Smith, the young Albuquerque-based Assistant U.S. Attorney who had prepared the original indictment and who had rather naively gone along with the plea-bargaining settlement by which Prock avoided trial on the five charges involving the cats themselves. "The \$2,000 fine works out to less than the sales taxes Prock would have paid for that amount of hunting. If I'd said no to the plea, and even if we had lost on all six counts, still we would have punished him financially—just in the legal costs—far more than this fine does. I feel terrible about it."

What makes not only Smith but everyone else involved in the investigation feel even worse is the fact that the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish spent between \$10,000 and \$20,000 on the case, not including Investigator Nando Mauldin's time. Citing the "extremely flagrant nature" of the crimes, the department's director, Ladd S. Gordon, said, "We recognize that the courts are under certain constraints, but we in the wildlife profession feel that the most effective way to minimize these serious types of violations lies in considerably greater penalties being assessed." Gordon left unstated the fear that every outdoorsman who respects game and the game laws must feel: If a man like C.J. Prock can get away with that kind of game-law violation with a mere slap on the wrist, what incentive is there for investigative agencies and men like Mauldin and Horne to continue their work? And what real hope is there left for endangered species like the jaguar?

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN HARRIS



# BIG JULIE IS DOING NICELY-NICELY

*Julius Erving is netting money and making friends on and off the court, and his New York teammates are chipping in and supporting him with winning ball* by **PETER CARRY**



*Rookie hotshots Kense (31) and Willemssen (23) have made the starting lineup; Taylor (14) is a demon on defense; and Peulls' talents are as well rounded as his middle.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN S. HANLER

Julius Erving was near the front of the line as the New York Nets snaked out of their dressing room in the Nassau Coliseum and jogged down the tunnel heading for the gleaming floor where they would play host to the ABA's Eastern Division-leading Carolina Cougars one night last week. But by the time the Nets began their layup drill Erving (see cover) was no longer with them. He could barely be made out in the dim passageway doing something pro players rarely deign

to do, something most would consider uncool immediately before a game. He was talking animatedly and signing autographs for a boy and his father, a small man wearing a black velvet yarmulke. Erving had never met them before, but when he heard that the rabbi had driven 150 miles from upstate New York to fulfill his boy's fondest Chanukah wish—to see Dr. J. play—Erving, quite naturally for him, could not resist stopping to chat.

Amenities completed, he rejoined his teammates, slammed a few perfunctory pregame dunks, did a quick sideline critique of Center Billy Paulitz' father's basso profundo rendering of *The Star-Spangled Banner* ("Not bad at all, but I could teach him a few things about projection"), and then went out and put on another ho-hum performance against Carolina. He scored 23 points. He grabbed 12 rebounds. He stole the ball three times. And he tipped in the deciding basket as the Nets won 99-96, knocking the Cougars out of first and moving themselves within a half game of the new leader, Kentucky, in the hottest three-team race in the pros.

Yes, Julius Erving has brought his Dr. Nately-Nicely routine back home to Long Island. He has done nicely on the floor, where he has led the youngest starting lineup in the pros—average age 22.6 years—back from a skitterish start and into title contention. He has done nicely off it as well, charming the clergy, his employers, the recently re-elected Nassau County Executive (whom he endorsed after extracting pledges for recreational programs for his hometown of Roosevelt), and even the Madison Avenue types who are after some endorsements of their own. Naturally enough, Dr. J. now spels for Dr Pepper.

However, Erving has obviously saved his best charm job for the young woman who was constantly in his immediate vicinity last week.

"What's her name?" he was asked.

"Turquoise."

"Who?"

"You know, t-u-r-q-u-o-i-s-e."

"Oh, it's spelled just like the color."

"Yeah, and so is her last name, b-r-o-w-n."

The smashing Ms. Brown is accustomed to confusion over her name. "Most people just call me Turk," she says. "But one of Julius' friends has trouble remembering names. He calls me Aqua."

Turk lives in North Carolina and commutes to nearly every Net home game, and with good reason. "I love to watch Julius play because he's so unpredictable I never know what he'll do next," she says. "But I love him because he's so reliable and calm. He never gets mad, and when sometimes I get angry he settles me right down. He'll say real quietly, 'Don't you get no attitude now.'"

More through his demeanor than his words, Erving has been saying the same thing to his fellow Nets, particularly the survivors from last year's squad that slumped early and finished out the schedule playing as much against one another as against their opponents. Indeed, Erving's quiet congeniality may be as important as his 27.6 points, 11.1 rebounds and 4.6 assists per game and his 50% shooting average. 108 steals and 120 blocked shots. "Believe me, I know from experience, it's one heck of a lot easier when your main man is a good guy," says Net Coach Kevin Loughery. "I was in Baltimore when Wes Unseld got there. It didn't take the players long to figure out that on top of being a great player, Wes is a great man. He turned the Bulls' whole attitude around by just being there, and Doc has done at least as much for us."

Two years ago the Nets rallied late in the season and advanced to the final round of the playoffs. But last season began on a depressing note when Net star Rick Barry was ordered by the courts to return to the NBA Warriors. Things went downhill from there. A six-game losing streak in November led to a raucous team meeting. Then one player took himself out of the lineup with an injury some of his mates felt was more imagined than real. Next a rookie center flatly said he would rather not play at all than be forced to operate at forward. By the close of the season New York had drifted to a 30-54 record and General Manager-Coach Lou Carnesecca had announced his resignation.

With that, Owner Roy Boe went for all the youth money could buy. He signed 33-year-old Dave DeBusschere to a 10-year, \$750,000 general manager contract and then gave him a year off to finish his playing career with the Knicks. A five-year deal lured Loughery away from Philadelphia. At 33 he was the youngest coach in the pros (a distinction he lost in November when Kansas City-Omaha named 32-year-old Phil Johnson to suc-

continued



ceed Bob Cousy) and had less than a half season's experience. In a role that was more custodial than creative, Loughery had guided the 76ers to five wins in their final 31 games last season.

Shortly thereafter, Boe shipped about \$1 million to Virginia and Atlanta to secure the much contested rights to Erving. Then he signed the 23-year-old ABA scoring champion to a \$2.5 million, eight year contract. Boe added round sums for a flock of rookies including 6'9" Forward Larry Kenon, 21, of Memphis State and 6'2" Guard John Williamson, 22, of New Mexico State, who have become starters even though they both should now be college seniors.

Hiring undergraduates is hardly a new procedure for the Nets. Not one of New York's first five—Erving, Kenon, Williamson, the 25-year-old Paultz or 22-year-old Guard Brian Taylor—completed his college eligibility and not one was drafted by the Nets. Erving and Williamson came into the ABA as free agents and the remaining three were selections of other teams that would not or could not sign them. As the league's richest club, New York could and did.

Still the assembling of prime, young talent has rarely yielded an instant winner in the pros. Even after they had brought together the then-young group of Willis Reed, Walt Frazier, Bill Bradley and Cazzie Russell, the Knicks needed two seasons, a coaching change and a major trade (DeBusschere) before winning their division. Boston, after drafting Dave Cowens, and Milwaukee, after adding Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, each required a year of seasoning before becoming first-place clubs.

That the Nets are already threatening to become a division infest is a marked achievement for Loughery, a cigar-chomping Irishman from the Bronx who was known in the NBA during his 11-year playing career as Murph. He was also distinguished by his toughness—in one playoff with the Bullets he wore a plastic plate strapped under his jersey to protect a collapsed lung and a couple of broken ribs—and by the fact that he was the highest scorer in NBA history never named to an all-star team.

As a player, Loughery was readily identifiable as a prospective coach. He was a backcourt man who invariably turned "d's" into "d's" and always included an "s" on the end of the second person plural pronoun. Clearly he was

of the species *East Coast guard*. Twelve of the 27 pro coaching jobs are now held by men of this ilk. Four of the five coaches in the Nets' division of the ABA are former guards who learned the game within about 100 miles of one another.

It looked like Murph's fine breeding might be wasted on the Nets when they slipped into a virtual replay of last season in November. After winning four of its first five games, New York dropped nine in a row, fell into last place, eight games from the lead, and called another team meeting. It was then that the mood which Loughery credits Erving with setting held fast. The meeting passed without incident and two days later the Nets broke their losing streak. Shortly thereafter they won nine straight. Since halting its run of losses, New York has taken 21 of 28 and has been in or just out of first place for the past month.

"The reputation of the Nets last year was that if you got up on them early they'd start squabbling among themselves," says Erving. "They were losers. From the minute I knew I was coming here I was preparing myself to stop that from happening again. I knew I'd have leadership responsibilities, not as the designated leader—that's the role of the team captain, Mel Melchioni—but on a different basis."

"There has to be criticism among players on a team, but I guess what I've tried to do is make it constructive and cut down on the meaningless griping at each other. I don't think you should cuss at a guy for missing a pass. You should boost him up by saying something like, 'It's all right. We'll get it next time.'"

"And when something goes wrong in a game or there's a flare-up at practice I know it's easier for me to be the one who apologizes. A guy who the public doesn't consider such a big star might feel, 'Damn, I'm not gonna how down to the blanket-blank just because he's the big shot around here.' But for me it's no problem to go over and say I'm sorry."

Something the Nets are not sorry about is two tactical moves Loughery made in the game that ended the losing streak. He junked the pressing defense he had used to good effect with the 76ers. He felt it was wearing down the Nets' slender guards—Taylor, Melchioni and John Roche—often causing the team to blow big leads in the second half. And to beef up the backcourt, he replaced Melchioni in the starting lineup with

Williamson, who is built like a cornerback. A high-scoring gunner in college, Williamson has played with a discipline on offense and concentration on defense unusual in one so young.

And since the losing streak the rest of the Nets have been showing only the most casual deference to Erving's offensive prowess. In half of New York's last 12 games Dr. J. has not been the team's high scorer and his average is dropping toward the 25-point figure he thinks would be best for offensive balance. Kenon, an unabashed shooter, has averaged 16 points a game, but it is Paultz, a 6'11" mound of a man, who has developed into the Nets' second best offensive threat with a 17-point average.

Even though Loughery can still safely describe Paultz' physique as "lacking definition," the Net center no longer looks quite as much like Baby Huey as he did when he came into the pros three seasons ago as an indifferent player. One thing definite about Paultz is that his talents are now as well rounded as his mid-section. Except for his fine outside shooting touch, he is not extraordinary in any phase of pivot play; rather he has become so thoroughly adequate at all that he now ranks no worse than third best among ABA centers.

All five Net starters were in double figures in their three games last week. After the win against Carolina, Erving broke loose for one of his increasingly rare big bursts (34 points) in a 109-92 home triumph over Denver. But the next night at Hampton, Va., New York showed why it still faces a stern test trying to overcome its two experienced rivals, Kentucky and Carolina (both the Cougars' starting forwards, adding Billy Cunningham and Joe Caldwell, have played more pro seasons individually than the entire Net starting lineup). In losing to the Squires 112-108, the Nets were prone to two failings common to young teams. Unable to fast break, they had to rely on their set offense, an element of the game which demands more consistent teamwork than they have developed. And the defeat was their 13th in 24 road games—they are a sizzling 14-4 at home—which is just another example of a young club not traveling well. Still, New York's schedule from here in is heavily weighted in favor of home games, which could be just enough advantage for everything to work out very nicely—nicely for all the Nets. **END**

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**M**et Maxim (Bud) Goode, resident of Studio City, state of California, continent of North America, planet Earth—a Hollywood press agent loose in a Twilight Zone of numbers. In defiance of all oddsmakers he says Miami will beat Minnesota in the Super Bowl by nine—count 'em nine—points.

Don't scoff. Goode (it is pronounced goody) correctly predicted the winner in 75% of last year's NFL games. Early in the season he forecast that Cincinnati would make the playoffs, an expectation based on the Bengals upsetting both the Vikings and the Browns, which they did.

In the last three years he has picked 17 of the 20 winners in postseason playoffs, and in the last two years he has beaten the line 10 of 13 times in the playoffs.

That degree of accuracy surely suggests supernatural assistance. In fact, the forces of Goode consist of IBM 360-91, one of the world's largest computers, which he calls "Cal." Electronically speaking, Cal says that Miami will beat the spread—seven points—on Sunday in Houston. So put your money on the Dolphins, and while you're at it place a bet for Goode, who prefers to kick a gift horse in the mouth. He is, alas,

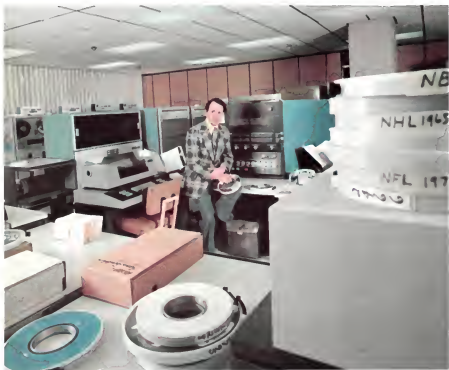
philosophically opposed to gambling.

In making its prediction the computer points to an unexpected Viking weakness, the defensive line. Goode is not surprised. Last year only two teams got to the quarterback fewer times than Minnesota, and Goode was saying, "Color the Purple People Eaters puce." This year the Vikes improved their sacks by 43% but only rose to 16th. Miami, on the other hand, tied for second in sacks. Color the Dolphins royal aqua.

Perhaps Minnesota's lowly ranking in sacks reflects nothing more than Coach Bud Grant's preseason intention to con-

## DOING IT BY THE NUMBERS

Statistician Bud Goode uses one of the world's biggest computers to pick football games. In 1973 the IBM 360-91 had the Dolphins by seven in the Super Bowl. This year it likes them by nine **by JOE MARSHALL**



concentrate on stopping the run. But if that was their aim, the Vikings failed miserably, yielding 4.4 yards per rush. Only Chicago, Philadelphia and New England gave up more. Miami was tied for seventh in this category, yielding less than four yards an attempt.

To make matters worse for Minnesota, Miami was second in the league in 1973 with an average of five yards per rush. "Larry Csonka provides the power and Mercury Morris has more moves than a water bed," says Goode, citing Csonka's third straight 1,000-yard season and Morris' gaudy, league-leading 6.4 yards a carry. Furthermore, the line that opened holes for those two allowed fewer sacks than any other in the NFL, while the Vikings' front gave only mediocre protection to Fran Tarkenton.

In passing, however, the Dolphins and Vikings are almost identical. However, Minnesota's John Gilliam, who has averaged over 21 yards a reception the past two years, statistically outpaces Miami's Paul Warfield.

The computer does reveal subtle indications that Minnesota's defensive line weaknesses are misleading. For instance, although the Vikings allowed fewer points than any other team in the league except, of course, Miami, they gave up quite a few field goals. This suggests that they grew increasingly stingy as the goal line neared. Given Garo Yepremian's range and accuracy, Minnesota will have to get sturdier sooner. The Vikings did hold Dallas to 3.6 yards a carry in the NFC Championship game, but the loss of Calvin Hill, the conference's second leading rusher, may well have contributed to that.

And, after all, can anyone stop Miami? One of the most startling facts the computer showed is that Miami ranked dead last in total offensive plays yet led the NFL in average gain per play and tied for fifth in scoring. Apparently the only thing that can put a halt to the Dolphin offense is the end zone.

In order to predict the outcome of Super Bowl VIII Bud Goode used two programs from something called the Biomedical Statistical Package, a set of computer programs developed at UCLA for the application of statistical methods in medical research. With the aid of the computer he created a correlation matrix, a table that essentially showed the relationships between all football statistics. Hidden in that matrix was a pattern

of statistical factors, such as rushing, passing, interceptions, field-goal ability and speed, which account for the outcome of a game. To determine these factors Goode had to do—get ready now—a factor analysis, a program designed to reveal the hidden pattern of primary factors in a body of data. Each factor is totally independent so that strength in one does not mean strength in any other. Using the one or two statistics that related most strongly with each factor, Goode came up with a list of 14 important statistics. These he put into a second program, a multiple-regression analysis, which assigned a weight to each statistic for the purpose of maximizing predictive accuracy. A 100% correlation with points was not possible but, Goode says, the 14 statistics account for 96% of scoring, which means he can come close to predicting or—more accurately—explaining the outcome of any season. Last year, for instance, he missed the total points the Redskins allowed for the whole season by one and the points they scored by 13. The ability to explain statistically the outcome of the regular season makes Goode's computer a sound tool to predict the outcome of the season's culminating event. Last year the computer picked the Super Bowl right on the nose—Miami by seven—although because of a calculation mistake Goode released the figure as eight.

If nothing else, the computer is totally objective. It doesn't know Alan Page from Howard Cosell. One week a key-punch error told it that Dallas averaged 51 first downs for every punt. Without blinking a light, it predicted the Cowboys would beat the Redskins by 73 points.

The Biomedical Statistical Package is used to analyze business, economics, psychology, sociology, even history and literature, but to Goode's knowledge it has not been used in sports. Dr. W.J. Dixon, a onetime chairman of the statistical computing section of the American Statistical Association and father of the Biomed package, has watched Goode's work. "There are a lot of people called statisticians in sports," Dixon says. "Record keeping is a one-upmanship game in itself. A whole culture of numbers has grown up around sports where it hasn't elsewhere. We don't, for instance, count the number of times Marlene Dietrich fell into the pit. Bud has done something revolutionary in making this tremendous volume of sports infor-

mation meaningful. He has shown us how to look at all these statistics and which are the most important for predicting and explaining. Why that's so rare in sports I don't know. It's a kind of technique that's been used in other fields for a long while. Sports is years behind the times."

So are football coaches and sportswriters, according to the computer and its spokesman, Goode. With his Mr. Peepers' look he might be mistaken for Studio City's resident bird watcher, but loose Bud Goode's tongue and he becomes overwhelming poking holes in the clichés of the game with reckless abandon. "Too often communication is a one-way street," he says. "Fortunately, with me that's usually enough."

One of his favorite computer revelations is that there is virtually no relationship between average yards per rush and average yards per pass. In other words, you don't need to "establish the running game" before you can go to the air. According to the computer, if you can pass, you can pass. This year's Redskins ranked dead last in yards per rush yet they tied Miami and Minnesota for fifth in yards per pass.

For scoring points one of the most important statistics is yards per pass attempt (sacks count as an attempt with, of course, minus yardage). Basically, one additional yard per pass attempt adds two points per game to a team's offense. This year's eight playoff teams ranked in the top 11 in both points and average yards per pass attempt. Yet how many times do you hear yards per pass attempt cited? It is not even on the list of 75 statistics that the NFL publishes each week.

Usually, poor teams average four yards per pass attempt, middling teams six and strong teams eight. The important point for the purposes of predicting and explaining is that the difference between four yards and eight is 100%. It is the differences that predict. Goode has used this statistic to develop the Housewife's Rule for Understanding Football. She need only remember the numbers four, six and eight. At halftime she asks her husband the passing yardage and attempts for each team and with a little short division can almost always tell him who is winning, without wasting a moment in front of the TV set.

Discovering the importance of this statistic is one of Goode's proudest achievements. "When I die," he says, "my

*continued*

tombstone can say, 'Here Lies Goode He Told The World About Average Yards Per Pass Attempt.' " When Minnesota traded Quarterback Gary Cuozzo to St. Louis for Gilliam in 1972, Goode looked at the numbers. Noting that Gilliam averaged a very high 19.9 yards a reception and Cuozzo only 5.01 yards an attempt, he proclaimed that the trade "makes the Brinks robbery look like small potatoes." In retrospect that may have been an understatement.

Goode rails against the way the media mislead the public. For example, the computer says that throwing interceptions is about three times more disastrous than losing fumbles, yet the two are consistently lumped together under the general heading "turnovers." Notably, both Minnesota and Miami finished below average in recovering opponents' fumbles. Miami, in fact, ranked last. On the other hand, the two teams tied for fifth in interceptions, each averaging 1½ per game. Since no team intercepts half a pass in a game, this statistic, according to Goode, points to Minnesota's best chance for an upset—stealing two passes to the Dolphins' one. In similar situations the team that got the odd interception won about 80% of the time. Again, the difference between one interception and two is 100%.

For some teams, fumbles can be a sign of power. The number of rushes a team makes bears a very strong correlation to won-lost percentage, and the more you run, the more you fumble. Furthermore, number of rushes is one of several statistics that relate to both offense and defense. Indeed, it helps a team's defense more than its offense. The more you run, the more you score but, more importantly, the less opponents will score. "Don't go to the air to play catch-up," says Goode. "Colleges do that and it's un-American. It teaches boys to lose."

Field goals also relate more to defense than to offense. Goode explains that fact by pointing out that to the computer any score is a potential go-ahead score. Opponents tend to panic when they fall behind or see their leads cut into. They pass more and run less, which leads to more interceptions and thus fewer points. In effect, a field goal makes it less likely that an opponent will score, which is the basis of Goode's first and only law of football. "If in field-goal range in a fourth-and-short-yardage situation, always—but always—go for the three points."

Even Goode might be forced to place a wager if he thought Bud Grant was going to keep gambling on fourth-and-one.

The slide rule has not always governed Bud Goode's life. The only constant in his 50 years has been the Los Angeles area. His father Henry was a musician who for a time earned a living playing mood music for Tom Mix during the making of his silent films. Young Bud's first memories include a Mother Goose book with Mix' autograph in purple ink. During the Depression Henry Goode eked out a living as an artist. Bud became a "beach rat" and now claims to be the world's best 50-year-old body surfer. Money was scarce. One summer Bud paid his camp fees on Catalina by diving for the coins passengers pitched off the boat running to and from L.A. "When it comes to money, I'm very tight," he says, and by way of illustration he tells of the bone-handled knife he dropped into Lake Arrowhead when he was seven. At the age of 15 he returned to the lake, dived in and retrieved it.

At Occidental College he planned to major in physical education but World War II intervened. With his swim fins in tow, Goode enlisted, wanting underwater demolition. He ended up a junior gunnery officer. Still he managed swims off beaches all over the South Pacific; twice he even got in a dip during lackluster invasions.

These military heroics ended in sickness. While at sea he developed a blood infection and was brought home. Fever had scarred one of his heart valves and Naval medical examiners said it would crystallize and give out in 25 years. Goode was retired with full disability.

He returned to Occidental, took a course in statistical measurement and caught the bug. He went on to get a master's in psychological measurement and began work on a Ph.D. in psychometrics at USC.

Now it would be easy to imagine how Bud Goode got from there to here. But Goode is not as predictable as his computer; instead he got married and became a magazine writer. During the '50s he wrote personality features for such publications as *Pagant*, *Coronet*, *American Weekly* and *Photoplay*. Not that he didn't betray some of his statistical leanings in this enterprise. He developed a card file—a data base, he might call it today—on how to build character in a magazine article. And he cranked his fea-

tures out with computerlike speed. By 1958 he was producing about 100 a year.

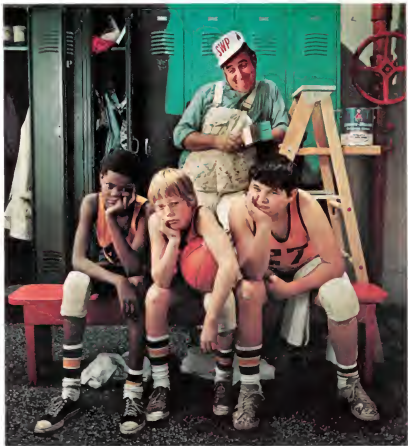
In the late '50s he joined John Gudel-Art Linkletter Television Productions as a press agent, handling, among other shows, Art Linkletter's *Houseparty* and *People Are Funny*, Jack Linkletter's *On the Go* and Groucho Marx' *You Bet Your Life*. He remained with Gudel and Linkletter until 1971, throwing himself into Hollywood publicity work with uncommon vigor. He once threw himself out of an airplane to help promote a segment of *On the Go*, but he was less successful in that venture than in others—he broke his right leg in three places.

In the meantime he began to get back to statistics. In the early '60s he picked up part-time work with a computer service bureau by promising to promote it through sports stories. Goode called a press conference and, using a simple set of statistics, correctly predicted the outcome of the Rose Bowl. Before long the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* gave him column space and with his computer he began to write a weekly sports feature. Eventually he was syndicated in 26 papers including *The Washington Post*, *The Minneapolis Tribune* and *The Dallas Times Herald*.

Armed with computer printouts, he couldn't resist cornering coaches. At a reception in Anaheim before the 1967 All-Star Game, Hank Bauer, then manager of the Baltimore Orioles, was being asked what had happened to the pitching staff that had taken him to the pennant the year before. "The pitching is off," was the best Bauer could offer. As Goode tells it, "I piped up in my tremulous voice, 'Do you think it's your pitching control, Mr. Bauer?' 'What do you mean?' Bauer asked. 'Well, when you won the pennant last year you walked about 8% of the batters. This year through the first half of the season you've walked 11%. Over the course of 6,000 batters a year that's 180 extra base runners and if one-third of them score that's 60 runs.' 'Yeah,' said Bauer, 'come to think of it, it seems like we're walking more. Where did you get those figures?' 'Well, you see, Mr. Bauer, I've got this computer. ...' Bauer's face turned a deep red. 'Computer! I don't need any damn computer to run my ball club,' he roared. 'I have been in baseball 22 years.' 'Well,' I said, 'my computer has only studied baseball for 30 seconds.'" And that was as far as he ever got with Hank Bauer.

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. 73).



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"He was fired a year later," Goode adds.

When he popped up in his tremulous voice to George Allen, then coach of the Los Angeles Rams, he got a more gratifying response. "So you're Bud Goode," Allen said. "I clip and save all your columns." For the rest of the Allen years in L.A. Goode made two or three visits a season to the Ram offices. "He can tell you what's wrong with your team," admits Tom Callin, an assistant coach still with the Rams, "but you can't go get what you need at the drugstore." On one occasion Goode told the coaching staff that the answer to their problems was offensive downfield speed. "Bud, you tell us where we can get some and we'll give you a \$10,000 finder's fee," said offensive Backfield Coach Ted Marchibroda.

So how has Bud Goode managed to keep out of the public eye? Fate intervened in the form of Monday night football, which delayed the distribution of league statistics by a day and a half. By the time they got to Goode there was not enough time left to feed them to the computer and get the results to his newspapers before the next game. He lost his syndication. And then he died three times.

His 25 years were up. In the meantime, however, an operation had been devised for cases such as his. So he went about finding a surgeon. His barber worked on Los Angeles' Doctors Row, an area cluttered with high-rise medical buildings. The barber would ask all his clients, many of them doctors, who the best surgeon for the operation would be. Goode called this his Barber's Poll, and when the results overwhelmingly pointed to one man, he arranged to be operated on by him. The operation is successful in all but three of 100 cases and with odds of 33 to 1 Goode felt comfortable. Three days after he came out of surgery, however, his heart began hemorrhaging and he had to be rushed back in. This time the anesthetic didn't put him all the way to sleep. Although he was paralyzed and couldn't talk he hadn't lost his hearing and feeling. "Open him up," he heard one doctor say and then he had an experience he would just as soon never repeat. "Are you plugged in?" a doctor asked somebody Goode could not see. "Hell, I don't know where anything goes," came the answer. It was at this point, Goode says, that he began to refigure the odds. His heart stopped twice during the second operation.



His recuperation lasted six weeks and was followed by hepatitis, which sidelined him for five more months. That brought him to the end of 1972. In the meantime the last of the Linkletter-Guadalupe shows was taken off the air, so Goode decided to make his avocation his vocation.

"I want to marry statistical methodology to the speed of a computer," he says now, "for the purpose of bringing reliability into the analysis and interpretation of the news." Goode envisions a day when he will operate a computer service providing reliable information in many different fields to all media forms.

As a start, National Football League Properties hired him to create the statistical charts in this year's Super Bowl program. He has concentrated on sports, particularly pro football, because he can get needed exposure from it, but he has explored other areas, such as Supreme Court decisions, economics and even recipes. "The Kitchen Computer" would produce recipes for the women's page each week that would minimize the food budget while maximizing vitamins and minerals. "Research shows that the average housewife spends 150% more than she needs to for food and doesn't give her family a balanced diet," says Goode. One presumes this is during those times when she is not dividing passing attempts into passing yardage.

The cartoon on this page is Goode's first attempt to convert his mass of numbers into a form more suitable for television and newspapers. Next season United Press Features will syndicate the cartoon as a weekly series. A computer at CalComp, an Anaheim company that also does Goode's printouts, draws the cartoon, which was designed by Bernard Gruver, in 10 seconds by analyzing the numbers fed into it and comparing them to canned numbers in its memory. Each of the parts of the cartoon's anatomy—toes, feet, legs, arms, nose, eyes, etc.—represents a variable. For instance, if a team's yards per pass attempt is less than 5.0 the left arm points downward with a yo-yo football. Goode calls that a "yo-yo passing attack."

The drawing produces a gestalt effect—the viewer perceives the total, not just the parts. "It's a sort of Dow-Jones average for sports," says Dixon, "although the Dow-Jones is much simpler."

The problem with predicting the outcome of a single football game such as Sunday's Super Bowl is the effect of what statisticians call error variance—otherwise known as luck. A computer is better suited to explain what did happen than to predict what will. "Two quick mistakes like the Rams made in the playoffs in Dallas and it's good night nurse," says Goode. "It's tough to win a game if you give the opposition 14 points and start four minutes into the contest." But if Minnesota and Miami play true to their 1973 form, Don Shula's Dolphins will become the first team since Green Bay to win back-to-back Super Bowls and they will do so convincingly. Would you believe nine points?

CONTINUED

Not long ago a Swiss newspaper, trying to determine the fertility quotient of the modern computer, stuffed one with all the information available on transportation and population in the years just before the development of the automobile. The computer arrived at the conclusion that by 1980 the streets of the major cities of the world would be six feet deep in horse manure.

The computer that arrived at the conclusion that the Vikings will be buried six feet—or nine points—by the Dolphins made its decision on better feed-in. But there are factors that still do not fit comfortably into a computer, and most of these favor Minnesota.

The Dolphins, a team built on precision performance and the law of averages, might have been put together by a computer, certainly it is a team easily understood and interpreted by one. Most of the ponderables point to a Miami victory Sunday. But some things cannot be programmed, such as Gino Yepremian's feeble pass attempt in last year's Super Bowl, which gave the Washington Redskins their only touchdown and Bud Goode's computer its exact margin of victory—seven points.

Nor could any computer have taken into account Carl Eller's emotional display in the locker room at the half of the Viking playoff game with Washington three weeks ago. Eller knocked down a blackboard, excoriated his teammates and inspired them to demolish the Redskins. "It was a surprise," said Minnesota's Coach Bud Grant. "It didn't last long, but it worked."

And the single most difficult player to run through a computer is I ran Tarkenton, the Viking quarterback. In playoff games against Washington and Dallas he was as unpredictable as ever, scrambling away from a heavy rush to complete key passes. One of those completions—to John Gilliam for a big touchdown against the Redskins—came on a scramble that would have burned out the memory banks in any computer. Tarkenton ran right, left and right again, finally lofting a soft, perfect pass into the back of the end zone to Gilliam, who had twice broken his pass pattern.

Something else a computer might have overlooked was Grant's game plan, designed to negate the abilities of Lee Roy Jordan, the Dallas middle linebacker who makes most of the tackles for the club on running plays. The plan was a

masterpiece of misdirection, just the kind of thing to foul up a computer's predictions, which are based on the laws of probability. Incidentally, for years Dallas has fed game analyses into its own computer to turn up frequencies on offense and defense. The Vikings invalidated those frequencies by reversing the key's upon which they were based.

When the Cowboys defeated Miami in the 1972 Super Bowl, they did it by cutting off Nick Buoniconti, a middle line-backer who is even smaller than Jordan and like him mobile and dependent on quick reactions and the protection of the defensive line for his effectiveness. If the Vikings could handle Jordan and confuse the machinelike efficiency of the Dallas defense, it is conceivable to noncomputer reasoning to feel they may be able to do the same thing to Miami.

Certainly there is little to choose physically between the teams, whose key people are shown on the following pages. Neither is likely to overpower the other, although if the game were to turn on pure physical strength, Minnesota has the edge where it counts most—in both lines. The Purple People Eaters have been maligned this year because they were a bit leaky against the run, but they often have concentrated on the pass rush, which creates openings for the ground game. Against Dallas, they whipsawed a good offensive line both ways.

Finally, there is the devious plotting of Grant and his assistants, which completely befuddled Dallas. The Dolphins may not be so easy to fool, but you can depend upon Minnesota to come up with variations on its accustomed themes designed to upset the most sophisticated defense or the most advanced computer.

Computers are only as good as the information fed them—horse manure in, horse manure out. The human element, as often as not, decides football games, especially big ones like the Super Bowl. Remember brash Joe Namath and the Jets the year they upset Baltimore?

The Broadway Joe of 1974 could be Brian the Man. Vikes by four.

## YOU CAN'T PROGRAM THE HUMAN ELEMENT

Recalling Yepremian's feeble pass attempt, Eller's histrionics and the unpredictability of Tarkenton, our resident expert picks the Vikings

by **TEX MAULE**

*Grane rarely calls his own number, but this draw was good for 17 yards in the AFC title game and could work against the Vikes' rush.*





*Warfield can turn short passes into long gains, as he did by juking Nemech Wilson. And what's thrown up he brings down (below)*



*Miami can win—and has won—without going to Warfield, but for Minnesota to beat the Dolphins it needs at least one big play from John Gilliam.*







*Foreman gives the Vikes  
unaccustomed outside  
speed, while Reed (be-  
low) is more dependable  
than before. Both backs  
can catch the ball, too.*

*This can't be said for  
Morris, who's replaced  
on passing downs, but  
Merc takes off with new  
finesse up the middle,  
stealing ground of...*







... Larry Cook, here  
in noble repose in Oak-  
land's end zone. Miami

runs the same old plays.  
The Vikings will be look-  
ing for Cook's cousin.



*Jeff Wright, Eller and Nate Wright collar Robert Newhouse. Statistically undistinguished, Minnesota's defense excels inside the 20.*

*NFL Defensive Player of the Year Dick Anderson (40) knocks the ball free from Merr Hubbard on a key fourth-and-one play in the AFC title game.*





*Minnesota's front four has 41 years' pro experience. It counts, as Page demonstrates in this sly attempt to strip the ball from Larry Brown.*

*Gang tackling is the mark of the furiously pursuing Dolphin defenses. Below: Stenfl, Dan Hendler (23) and Buoniconti swarm all over Cheryl Smith.*



*The 62 Defense is named for Bob Matheson—here he's sacked Bengal Ken Anderson—who plays end or linebacker on third-and-long.*



*It's up to him—Francis  
Adams Etc. No way  
Vikas win without Fran  
having a big day, but Mi-  
ami's light, mobile line  
might chase him down.*



# FORD

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FORD DIVISION



# JOYEUX JOINT FOR JUMPING JACQUES

**The steeplechase course at Pau. In sight of the towering Pyrénées, in one of the treasures of France.**

**When you add the traditional fox hunt and the national stud, the place really begins to jump**

**T**he outside world was little aware of the Pyrénées-Atlantique region of France before 1814, when some of the Duke of Wellington's officers began rattling around the country doing their warmups for the Battle of Waterloo. One of them, legend has it, was so carried away by the sight of the lovely, rolling land that he said, in effect, "Chaps, this place is a blast. Jolly perfect for hunting and racing, too. It's just like England!"

That didn't exactly do it. It was another 50 years before a good 3,000 Englishmen had pushed their way 90 miles inland from the watering spots of Biarritz and St-Jean-de-Luz on the Atlantic coast and settled in Pau, a somnolent and ancient provincial capital with an absolutely dazzling view of the Pyrénées. The birthplace of Henry IV, Pau is a resort town with summers and winters that are as soft as dulcimer music, and through it runs the Boulevard des Pyrénées, an elevated promenade begun by Napoleon I in order to give everybody a better look at such marvels as the Pic d'Anie and the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, 50 miles away.

It was in Pau that the sport of Le Steeple had its humble French beginnings 130 years ago. While steeplechasing dies in the U.S.—Saratoga alone of major U.S. tracks presents jump races, and at last summer's 24-day meeting it staged only 15 of them—it thrives in France, where there are almost as many jump riders as flat jockeys, a season that runs year around and 211 courses for jumpers. None of them, outside of Auteuil's championship layout in Paris, is as challenging to horse and rider as Pau.

The tests at Pau come in various forms: hurdles, steeplechase jumps and cross-country obstacles, 40 in all, laid out over a dozen and a half different courses. The season is from mid-December through mid-February, Wednesdays and Sundays

only, and, says an exhilarated Major Guy Cunard, England's living point-to-point chase master, "dangerous."

Cunard really is referring to the once-a-day cross-country chase, a terrifying three-mile grind across slightly uneven terrain and over 25 jumps that range from what the English call a plain fence (about 5'5") to an open ditch, a stone wall, several brooks, a double-bar jump, a 15-foot-wide Over (double hedges), the traditional French Bullfinch (slanted mound topped by what look like jagged), a devilishly tricky Irish hunk, an even trickier in-and-out jump and the usual water jump, least of the hazards. A one-third survival rate is about par for the course, although, surprisingly, there are few serious injuries. The three steeplechases and three hurdles on the same card are, comparatively, cakewalks.

All of this takes place before a strikingly handsome, three-year-old glass and concrete grandstand that, with its manicured walking ring and neatly arranged receiving stalls, has helped turn the old Hippodrome de Pau into a multi-Longchamp. The country turf enthusiast, joined occasionally by swells down from Paris, sips his Beaujolais or Bordeaux three floors above the action and waits, somewhat apprehensively, for his specially tossed *ouïe! ouïe!* mix, puffet, the while casting his eye out over the splendidly appointed downs. Wandering through the stands and restaurant is a steady parade of elegantly dressed stewards who, for reasons unexplained, always seem to be addressed as "Monsieur

le Président." Other than that, all is subdued. Even the fans, who might number 2,000 on Wednesdays and 4,000 on Sundays, go about the serious business of betting without so much as a loud cheer or an audible criticism. Jockeys, no great celebrities at Pau, are often seen carrying their own tack before saddling up.

There is far more noise, if only for the buying of the hounds, at the weekly Saturday hunt, which has been a Pau fixture and something of an American province almost from its inception in 1840. Masters of the fox hunt have included James Gordon Bennett, Neilson Winthrop, W. K. Thom, C. H. Ridgeway and, from 1910 to 1940, Fredrick H. Prince, a Chicago and Newport meat-packing gentleman who believed a respectable hunt never got under way before 12:30 p.m. Gone now are the pink coats and the ladies mysterious in their veils galloping side-saddle past working farmers, but under Baron d'Ariste, master since 1960, the spirit is there. The hunt rides off at half past noon, crossing cornfields and the open ditches of old, allowing ample checks to remount the fallen. It ends two hours later at a country inn in time for the traditional post-hunt breakfast, a six-course, three-hour gastronomic romp.

If the hunt and hurdles are not horses enough, there is always Haras de Gelos outside of Pau, one of 23 national studs Napoleon bought the fine château for the stud in 1807 and it has been a republican undertaking since, providing thoroughbred stallions as well as heavily muscled workhorses, Arabians, Anglo-Arabs and wild-eyed Welsh ponies at astonishingly low cost to all comers. Pau, pronounced like the Southern po' boy, is plain rich.

WHITNEY TOWER





*Circling clockwise against a soft, winter backdrop of hardwood and spruce, steeplechasers go over a fence on the elegant predestined Pau course*

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY BETTY COOKE



*Spits like this one over the Passage de Route are the price of Pau which, along with the Auteuil track in Paris, is the most challenging on the Continent*



*Led by Beron d'Ansis, the Saturday hunt—a tradition that goes back 150 years, starts in leisurely fashion at a civilized hour 12.30*

*As much a social as sporting event, the hunt ends two hours later in a cornfield, from which everybody repairs to a country inn for brunch.*



*A uniformed groom shows a stallion to prospective breeders at the Haras de Gélus, one of France's 33 national studs, not far outside Pau*

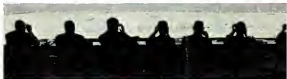


*Seldom crowded on weekdays, the Hippodrome offers ample space for bettors to study form and grab trip lads (three top finishers) in the zone*



*Although it raises visions of head-long epiphanies, the wetter jump close to the stands is more a stimulus to graceful exercise than a danger*

*Seven presiding commissioners, all local gentry, follow the races from the stewards' pavilion before retiring to a dining room in the rear*



# Satellites have taken up where Noah left off.



The Ark may be obsolete, but there's a new way to help preserve the species against flood—and a host of other perils.

It's the watchful eye of the satellite, keeping vigil over our planet and its ecology.

These orbiting sensors see into the ocean depths. They monitor our waterways not only for flood control but for pollution. They check on the health and composition of our forests. They track storms to help curb the threat to life and property.

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And they've grown increasingly sophisticated. Our latest satellites not only stand watch on the global environment, they even take earthly temperatures from hundreds of miles in space. Fittingly enough (because they're named for our customer, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration) the new series is called NOAA.

Electronics is creating new ways to make life better. And RCA, which helped create the technology, is still innovating the electronic way.

The electronic way

# RCA

**Carl Gowdy's** big play was in the Rose Bowl game, but he had other ideas of what made a perfect holiday in Los Angeles—like doing an orchestral spectacle. With the shouts of spectators still ringing in his ears, he announced the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth played by the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra. Let's see now. Andante to allegro, intercepted by the fugue...

It may have been the toughest question Maryland's All-American, **Tom McMillen**, had to answer when he applied for a Rhodes Scholarship. "How good is the Georgetown team?" asked Rev. Robert Hanle, S.J., chairman of the Rhodes Committee and also president of Georgetown, which the day before had lost to the Terrapins by 115-83. "Coach Driesell tells me to talk highly of the competition because we'll have to play them again next season," said Tom diplomatically. After the interview McMillen called Lefty Driesell and asked him, "Coach, why did we have to beat Georgetown so badly?" No sweat, though McMillen got his scholarship, anyway.

**Johnny Unitas** has retired his Colt No. 19 jersey to the James Lawrence Korman Hospital for Crippled Children in Baltimore. It is mounted, covered with glass, and an inscription reads, "In appreciation for making it all worthwhile." Unitas might have added "and possible." It was a hospital physical therapist, William Neff III, who kept the famous sore right arm and shoulder working all those years.

**James Gaffney**, former exercise boy at Meadow Stable, developed a kind of shoe fetish when he used to hold Secretariat while the horse was being shod. As fast as the blacksmith tossed the old shoes onto the strap heap, Gaff-

ney plucked them off. He polished one, framed it on a velvet base and sent it to the White House, which responded with a letter from President Nixon in which the President said that this would become a "unique addition to my collection of sports mementos." Still in Gaffney's own collection are four Secretariat shoes discarded after the Belmont Stakes. Jockey Ron Turcott had asked for them the same afternoon he won the stakes but Gaffney had already polished them off.

She calls herself "Howard Cozell Woman" because she "tells it like it is," says **Karolyn Rose**, wife of the National League's MVP, Pete Rose of the Cincinnati Reds. Karolyn will soon be doing her own sports show three times a day, five days a week over radio station WNOP in Newport, Ky. She may be right when she claims to tell it like it is. When she was asked, "How do you like football?" she said, "I'm sick of it!"

◆ When **Jackie Stewart** and his wife Barbara arrived at the Savoy in London they were greeted by some 400 guests all tracked out in black caps and goggles, the Stewart trademark. The real Jackie Stewart came in as himself, as did **Princess Anne**, in a glittering gown. Later, un-

masked in the candlelit Lancaster Room, some of the would-be drivers were true motoring types, but more of them were jet-setters and members of royalty, gathered to celebrate Stewart's retirement from racing.

The career of Fordham University's **Ramses XXIV** has always been interesting, if somewhat unpredictable. A year or so ago, the mascot aroused no little sympathy when it was announced that he would have to undergo surgery on an infected horn. The summer of '73 was spent as usual on a farm in Connecticut. But by December Ramses had gained so much weight that keeper **Orestes Lopez** prescribed more exercise and less food. The weight gain was explained when Ramses XXIV gave birth on New Year's Day. As a UPI reporter put it, we never know.

**Coach Maynard Howe** of the Maine Yankees, a junior hockey league team, probably needs our good wishes for the new year more than most. Back in bad 1973 he was assaulted by an angry opposing coach in a game at Manchester, N.H. In Berlin, N.H., fans mobbed his players' dressing room, and Howe wound up with bruises and broken glasses. In Billerica, Mass., a North Shore player hit him and there went another pair of glass-



es. What has Howe done to deserve all this punishment? Nothing, really. "The trouble is," he explains, "the league picks coaches who were formerly outstanding hockey players." They are easy targets.

◆ After years of skiing, **Vice President Gerald Ford**, whose interest in sport—swimming, golf, tennis and football—is now well known, continued during his family holiday in Vail, Colo., the skiing lessons he began two years ago. "I'm probably somewhat better than an intermediate but certainly not an expert skier," he said. The Veep is cautious on the slopes, preferring style and form to great speed. "After all, I'm 60," he said. "I look reasonably well and can ski anywhere, no matter how steep or how rough it may be." It almost sounds like prophecy.

**Lloyd I. Miller**, newly appointed ambassador to Trinidad and Tobago, may not be superstitious but seems a natural for the job. A horse he owns won \$175,820 in 1972, name of Star Envoy.



## And the beat goes on in Music City

Alabama came to Nashville with one loss and high expectations of handing Vanderbilt its first defeat of the season. But unloading a bag of tricks, the Commodores magically rose from the dead and won a thriller

There was a novel, thumping beat in Music City last Saturday night, but this particular Nashville Sound was neither nasal country & Western nor raucous strobe-light rock. The cacophony was strictly of college basketball—Vanderbilt going against Alabama, a game played at a whirling rpm on the turntable of the Memorial Gymnasium.

By a critic's standards, the performance had everything, a varietal of South-eastern Conference drama, big plays, rallies and enough action to tie slip knots in the tongue of the glibbest disc jockeys. Vandy made more comebacks than Sinatra. Often the Commodores were moribund; their breath would not have fogged a mirror. But at each seeming demise they rallied, just as they had predicted they would. Somehow, some way, Vanderbilt won 73-72, with sophomore Butch Fehrer the chief resuscitator. He shoveled in the winning basket with 13 seconds remaining, a wild, charmed shot decidedly short on form but more than adequate on results. Afterward, Alabama looked as if it had stopped to sniff a boutonniere and had been squirted in the face with water.

The standing-room-only and partisan crowd was euphoric, and no wonder. The Commodores stole the ball four times in the final 2½ minutes, twice in the last 25 seconds, while Alabama handled the thing as if it were tacking. Even so the Crimson Tide had two prime chances to pound the final nail into the Vanderbilt coffin, but each time they hit their thumbs instead. Ray Odums blew a clear layup with less than a minute remaining and Charles Cleveland, the team's best shooter, broke wide open but missed a piddling jump shot with two seconds left. Vandy Coach Roy Skinner has now won five games by four points or fewer, and when it was all over he looked like a rag hung up to dry. "The only way I can make it

through this season is if they keep winning," he wheezed.

Vanderbilt's chances to remain undefeated could hardly have looked worse. The team was down by 11 points late in the first half and falling apart like a newspaper left out in the rain, but struggled back to a 37-37 tie at halftime, enticing Alabama embarrassingly into seven offensive fouls. "It's kind of a ranky-rank play," said Vandy Captain Jan Van Breda Kolff, "but if that's what it takes to win, you have to do it."

Running out of tricks, Vandy trailed Alabama 69-62 with 2:40 left on the clock. "Instead of quitting then, we just pulled together," said Van Breda Kolff. "This team has character. We always seem to win the close ones."

There were 26 seconds left and Vanderbilt was still down by one when Fehrer missed the second of two free throws. Alabama's Charles Russell, a first-team junior college All-American last year and his team's leading scorer and rebounder in the game, grabbed the ball. Only for a second, though. Vandy's ubiquitous Terry Compton tipped it away. Leon Douglas blocked Van Breda Kolff's shot but Compton again stole the ball, nudging it to Fehrer, whom Skinner calls "a good garbage player." Seconds later Fehrer was scavenging for the victory. "That's a terrible way to lose a game," moaned Alabama Coach C. M. Newton.

Russell all but shut out Compton, Vandy's top launching pad, during the first half, but then Compton loosened up and scored 16 points in the second. The Vanderbilt senior grew up on a farm outside Horse Cave, Ky., a town that boasts 2,100 citizens and a cave on Main Street. As a stimping he practiced his basketball on a goal nailed to a tobacco barn. "During the winter we moved it inside," he explained. "There weren't many chores to

do except milking the cows, so we played seven or eight hours a day."

The teams had entered the game with burgeoning reputations. Alabama was 6-1 and ranked seventh in the nation, while Vanderbilt was unbeaten in eight games and ranked 10th. This was the SEC opener for both, and past performances were as meaningless as chaff in the wind. Apprehension settled in the respective camps early in the week.

"We realize now that Skinner is a better coach than we thought he was," commented Van Breda Kolff. His father, Butch, is the coach of the Memphis Tams, so Jan is well schooled in the rudiments of the game. Although he is 6'8", he played guard his first two years at Vandy and is the best passer on the team. "The first couple of years here, I wondered at times. We used to blame a loss on the coaching staff. Now if we lose, we're going to blame it on ourselves. We're more together this year."

"On paper, Alabama does look better," agreed Compton one day last week after practice, "but I think we're a smarter team. The game is going to boil down to whoever wants it the most, to who gets those loose balls."

It was a jaunty prediction destined to become hard fact. True, Vanderbilt made nine more free throws than Alabama, but that could be a mark of its savvy as much as its home-court advantage. The team made 14 more than Memphis State, and that game was in Memphis. Two of its players are enrolled in pre-med, a few others are in engineering or sociology; there are no physical education or teachers colleges at Vandy, no Canoeing I or Badminton II to sugar the athlete's academic load, and Skinner has been able to squeeze only one JC transfer into school in his 14 years there.

For most of this season everything has



COMPTON SCORES over Cleveland as game-winner Feher (31) jockeys with Russell.

been dandy at Vandy. The only discordant note was struck over the Christmas holidays when a thief broke into Skinner's house and stole his television set—and too bad Compton was not around to filch it right back. The coach is a small, thin man with ruddy skin. His voice, like most everyone's in Music City, sounds like Gomer Pyle's. This season he has alternated four seniors and three sophomores in the lineup. They are called "the splendid seven," but lately that sobriquet is outdated.

Bob Chess, a 6'9" junior, has been giving Van Breda Kolff some help at center, and against Alabama he came off the bench to slow down Douglas, the Tide's sophomore center who is one of the best young big men in the country. "I just thought he was big, but he can get up and reject some shots," said Compton about Douglas. "I wouldn't doubt that he's probably the most valuable player in the league."

In a short time, Newton has changed the description of Alabama basketball from futile to fantastic. His first team won only four games in 1969; the last two have combined for 40 victories. His first

seven players were raised in the state and each of the starting five was the most valuable player in his respective high school tournament. Everyone of consequence, except senior Ray Odums, returns next season.

This is hardly to say that the future is not now at Alabama. Newton is stirring three newcomers into the nucleus of Douglas, Cleveland and Odums and by the end of the year, perhaps when the NCAA Midwest regional is held at Alabama, the team will show it. Russell is improving game by game and so are freshmen T.R. (Theodore Roosevelt) Dunn, a starter at forward, and 6'8" Rickey Brown, a spindly youngster who can play either center or forward. Both the freshmen were frustrated by Vanderbilt's aggressive defense. "They took away our inside game," acknowledged Newton, "although we did rebound them by a comfortable margin. And the charging fouls hurt us. Guys got awful cautious. Overall, we ought to be good enough to win even with all of that."

But the doctors of Vanderbilt attacked the game as if it were a calculus problem. Every time the thing looked beyond solution, they got together and worked out a new formula, finally mystifying the opposition. "It looked bad for a while, didn't it?" Compton said later. "I guess you'd call it luck, to come from behind like that against a team as good as Alabama."

That's Vanderbilt, awfully lucky this year. Just like all the other undefeated teams, the ones that can be counted on one hand.

## THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

### SOUTH

Paired in the same bracket of the Big Four tournament in Greensboro, North Carolina State and North Carolina went at each other in the first round as though it would be their only meeting of the year instead of merely the first of three—and possibly four—games. In the end State prevailed 78-77 on the varied contributions of Monte Towe, David Thompson and Tom Burleson, whose stair-step physiques began at 5'5½" and ascend through 6'4" up to 7'4". Burleson led the three with 22 points and 14 rebounds, Thompson had 20 points and Towe dropped in two critical free throws that offset the last

Carolina basket. "Maybe these games aren't counting in the conference standings, but they do count," State Coach Norm Sloan said before the game. "Our alumni assured me of that several times, telling me how long to play my starters, what to do here and there." Once-beaten Wake Forest edged Duke 64-61 to reach the finals, where Thompson made the move of the year to pull the Wolfpack out of a 24-24 tie and send it on to a 91-73 victory. He stole the ball, dribbled quickly up the floor, took off near the foul line for the basket, in midair changed hands with the ball by going behind the back and finally flipped in a lefty layup from above the rim. Thompson hit 19 of 26 shots and had 10 assists and 40 points in the two games, making him a tournament MVP for the second week in a row. Carolina took third place 84-75 over Duke.

Maryland, ranked highest of the three ACC teams in the country's top five, bombed Richmond 96-60 as Tom McMullen became the Terps' leading scorer of all time. Clemson was a 29-point victim 89-60—precisely Maryland's average margin of victory since UCLA—as Len Elmore and McMillen held seven-footer Wayne (Tree) Rollins scoreless in the second half.

Meeting familiar foe Marquette in Columbia was South Carolina, which had not lost at home in 27 outings since its infamous fight with the Warriors on national TV two years before. The game was televised again, and near the end it looked as though the Gamecocks' streak would die. Brian Winters missed a one-and-one free throw that would have broken a 58-58 tie and Marquette got the rebound and began playing for one shot. But Maurice Lucas was called for an offensive foul, and soon Winters had another chance. "I consider myself a good shooter," Winters said later, and well he might. His 20-foot jumper went through at the buzzer to hand Marquette its first defeat.

While Vanderbilt was knocking off Alabama, Glen Hansen and Collis Temple were doing something Pistol Pete Maravich never did at Louisiana State and something the Tigers had done only twice in 39 years: beat Kentucky. LSU trailed 40-36 at halftime, but Temple ignited a 22-10-8 burst in the first five minutes of the second half. He had 22 points for the game and Hansen 30 as State won its seventh straight.

Austin Peay dropped three games in four days—40 Missouri 88-86 and Southern Mississippi 79-75 in the Senior Bowl and to Jacksonville 93-70. Winner of the Senior Bowl was South Alabama, which upset Missouri 74-64.

Centenary nipped Arkansas 98-96 at the buzzer, Virginia Tech gobbled up Eastern Kentucky 92-65 and edged St. Bonaventure 77-75 and Stenson handed Virginia the ACC's most embarrassing setback in years

continued

78-76 as Cavalier stars Gus Gerard and Walby Walker fouled out with five and 14 points respectively.

1. MARYLAND (9-0) 2. H.G. ST. (7-1)

**WEST** Wild again, the West was knee-deep in snow and upsets, two of them in Fort Collins, Colo., where Colorado State got hot in near-zero temperatures and stopped Arizona State and Arizona. The cinder powers might have anticipated trouble. Never in 20 years had it been safe to play a Jim Williams team there. Last year, for good example, Arizona lost a share of the Western Athletic Conference championship at CSU one night, and on the next heavily favored Arizona State escaped with the title on a last-second basket. The Sun Devils were less fortunate this time. It was Colorado State's Rudy Carey who scored the late basket as the Rams won 74-72. Arizona, which opened this year's WAC season by romping over Wyoming 93-77, found Williams' 2-3 zone defense too tough to crack, even for its scoring machine, which was averaging 88 points a game. Ram Forward Tim Hall outshone Wildcats Cornel Norman and Bob Elliott by getting 24 points and 19 rebounds in an 85-67 ambush. New Mexico (12-0), which plays both Arizona clubs away this week, matched the Rams' fast start with 58-51 and 64-75 victories over Utah and Brigham Young as Bernard Hardin scored 50 points.

Southern Cal, happy to be meeting Washington State in its new 12,000-seat coliseum instead of tiny Bohler Gym, discovered something else was new in Pullman: freshman Steve Puidokas. The 6'11½" center from Chicago put in 22 points and grabbed 14 rebounds as the Cougars stunned the Trojans 71-56. Also for poor Washington, there were no such miracles in the offing when it met UCLA in Seattle. The Bruins jumped to a 20-6 lead in the first six minutes and proceeded to make muck of the Huskies 100-48. "I'm sure there are other things I could have been doing tonight that might have been a little more enjoyable," said Washington Coach Mary Harshman. Stanford was the biggest loser in the Pacific Eight's first week, failing to Oregon 48-47 and to Oregon State 56-53, while Oregon was the biggest winner. The Ducks also beat California 54-42, aided by a cheerleader who baited a stray plus rebound, giving Oregon a quick basket.

Long Beach State won its 70th consecutive home game, this time over L.A. State 95-76, then had potential No. 71 postponed when Fresno State was stranded, a victim of a rare California snowstorm. More disturbing to Long Beach State was the fact that the NCAA placed the school on a three-year probation for recruiting violations in football and basketball, which will keep it off television and out of postseason play. The charg-

es concerning the basketball team reportedly had nothing to do with either of the Pondesters brothers, Roscoe or Cliff, who combined for 39 points against L. A. State.

Houston captured its own Bluebonnet Classic for the 11th straight time by nudging Florida State 79-74 and Rice played a small part in raising Hawaii's gaudy record to 11-0 by succumbing to the Rainbows twice in Honolulu, 109-75 and 99-71. Weber State split two Big Sky contests, losing to Gonzaga 66-58 and beating Idaho 78-73. Oral Roberts Coach Ken Trickey, a man given to such pronouncements, thought so much of the 10-2 Titans' 87-74 triumph at Pepperdine that he said, "I think we will win all the rest of them."

1. UCLA (9-0) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (10-1)

**MIDWEST** "Our guys weren't supposed to win any and we've won nine already," said Michigan's joyous Johnny Orr following his team's 73-71 upset of sputtering Indiana. Picked to finish eighth in the Big Ten, the Wolverines looked at least that bad, trailing the Hoosiers 41-26 at halftime. But Cumpy Russell rang up 20 points and 14 rebounds and brought Michigan back into the game before fouling out with 3:37 left. Three other Michigan players were burdened with four personals, but twice the team benefited from the new four-point rule that allows an official to award two free throws for a deliberate foul on a scored basket. Freshman Lionel Worrell's two-pointer and Guard Joe Johnson's two free throws held off the Hoosiers. Purdue was defeated early in the week at Utah 87-75 despite Center John Garrett's 32 points but returned home and edged Michigan State 77-75 as Garrett scored 12 of his team's last 14 points, including a game-winning layup. Wisconsin, which has grown up to an 8-1 record by digesting opponents like Rollins, UC Davis, North Dakota St., DePaul and UW Milwaukee, stomped all over Northwestern 87-53.

Memphis State, experimenting, benched freshman Dexter Reed for the Bradley game even though Reed leads the team in scoring and assists. Coach Gene Barrow claimed he needed senior leadership, but when that failed, in came Reed to score 20 points. State ran away in overtime, 88-76.

Louisville won a Missouri Valley showdown with Tulsa 78-75 in a battle between its Junior Bigdeman (22 points) and the Hurricane's Willie Biles (25). Tulsa, which meets the Cardinals just once this season, took 37 more shots but connected on only 33%. New Mexico State downed Wichita State 71-63 and outmuscled St. Louis 74-58. Owen Wells of the revitalized Detroit Titans refused to be intimidated by Canisius' Larry Fogle, the country's top scorer and second leading rebounder, outpointing him 36 to 30

as the Titans won 95-83. Their new Coach Dick Vitale claimed that Wells needs tough competition to excel. Against Duquesne, which must not be tough enough, Wells contributed only 15 points, but Detroit won 89-72 and is now 10-1.

1. NOTRE DAME (7-0) 2. MARQUETTE (10-1)

**EAST** Syracuse came to New Brunswick, N.J. looking for its 14th consecutive victory over Rutgers, but the contest quickly developed into a game of three-on-three playground ball and the Scarlet Knights reclaimed their home turf 93-79. Their trio of 6'5" starters—Phil Sellers, Mike Dabney and Vinnie Roundtree—combined for 82 points; the Orangemen's Dennis DuVal, Jim Lee and Rudy Hackett got 67.

Another streak was chopped down when Canisius clobbered Villanova for the first time since 1963 in the National Invitation Tournament. Larry Fogle and Kerry Kee were nearly as productive as the Rutgers three, Fogle pouring in 42 points and Kee sinking 18 of 22 from the floor for 39 points in the 127-99 rout. "I knew Kee was up for this game," said Canisius Coach John Morrison, which he must have been; he hit his first 10 shots of the second half. Fogle made 17 of 25 shots and snatched 16 rebounds.

"We were in a wind-down offense," moaned Temple Coach Don Casey moments after the Owl's Jerry Baskerville had let fly with a long, hurried jumper that missed and Manhattan had won 68-66. "We were supposed to let the clock run down to 15 seconds and then call time with the score tied. But the shot went up." In the end it was two pairs of one-and-one free throws by Manhattan's Charlie Mahoney and not 25 points by Temple's John Kneib that made the difference.

A broken play produced a winning basket from La Salle's 6'10" Joe Bryant in a 67-65 squeaker over Niagara. The shot ("I was really looking for somebody to throw to," Bryant said) wiped out a series of comebacks by Niagara, which was crippled by 32 turnovers. Penn, switching tactics and relying on a deliberate offense instead of the fast break it had been using, turned back Princeton 69-59 in its Ivy League opener. "Patience is the key word for us now," said pleased Coach Chuck Daly. His 6'8" sophomore John Engles sounded less happy, noting: "I was like a robot out there."

Providence humbled Catholic University 104-69, but Center Marvin Barnes admitted after his team's 22 turnovers. "It's harder playing against little guys like that."

Pittsburgh's fortunes are improving on the basketball court as well as the football field. The Panthers clawed Virginia 81-70 with Bill Knight dropping in 34 points.

1. PROVIDENCE (10-2) 2. SYRACUSE (7-2)



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## With contempt for caution

The bowls on New Year's weekend served as an example of how exciting the game can be when the offense is wide open and mistakes be damned

George Blanda, the wise old quarterback, said after watching the Alabama-Notre Dame Sugar Bowl game on television that *that* was the way football ought to be played, "a great game, wide open," and that by comparison the pro game, his game, is "stereotyped" and "getting dull." Blanda implied that to bring the pros to parity in decibels of excitement will require a greater infusion of forward passes, and in the wire-service dispatch that featured his views it was pointed out that even Ohio State's Woody Hayes, celebrated advocate of the flat football, ordered more passes than Miami threw in its AFC championship victory over Blanda's Oakland Raiders.

George can be forgiven for he probably has not seen much college football lately, being busy on fall weekends exercising his 46-year-old right leg. But the fact is that college football is more exciting—most especially as played by

teams like Notre Dame and Alabama—not because more passes are thrown but because its offenses are better conceived by more imaginative men. Men who dare to be different, who are not so wrapped up in precision and technical efficiency that they forget the name of the game is to make yards and points, not to keep from making mistakes.

If anything, the college game is more run-oriented than the pros. In the Sugar Bowl, where the ball seemed to be flying around all night, only 27 passes were thrown, fewer than in any of the six NFL playoff games over the two-weekend period. The reason the Sugar Bowl principals seemed so wild and woolly is that their offenses do not depend on fight alone to save them from tedium, and the wonders they performed in this showdown for the national championship made for drama and suspense no Super Bowl has come close to matching. Forty-seven points were scored (24 by Notre

Dame), 43 first downs achieved and, most significant, 738 total yards accumulated against defenses that were the burly, beastly equal of any in college football. None of the pro playoff totals were close to that last figure. The average for the six playoff games was 557 yards, all teams basically doing the same thing, out of the so-called pro-set offense.

The most obvious difference in concept is that both Alabama, with its Washbone attack, and Notre Dame, with its multiplicity of sets and men-in-motion wing-T strategems, are four-back offenses. The halfbacks and the fullbacks run and catch and sometimes throw. Even the quarterbacks run . . . and run and run. And sometimes catch. The pros are two-back offenses, with a passer. Period. And even when it came down to that titlist of all the gritty moments over the bowl weekend, Notre Dame with its Irish up at its own goal in the 11th hour, there was one more surprise to be generated.

Bear Bryant said much later that Tom Clements' clinching third-and-eight pass from the end zone was not just a brilliant call but came off a well-executed misdirection play in the backfield that further camouflaged Ara Parseghian's intentions. Two scoops for the price of one, surprise on top of surprise. "A great play," said Bryant.

The Ohio State-USC Rose Bowl game, meanwhile, produced not only a 42-21 score but 855 total yards, or a whopping 300 more than the pro average. It is well to point out that unlike most of the brethren, USC threw the ball around a lot in that game. The Trojans relied more on Pat Haden's passing this year (college coaches adapt to what they have) when John McKay realized he had lost the blocking fullback (Sam Cunningham, now a Patriot) and the blocking tight end (Charlie Young, now an Eagle) that made his running game so successful last year, and because he thinks Haden is "the best passer I ever saw." McKay let Haden throw 39 times on Ohio State, and Anthony Davis once, but interestingly enough when it was all over the "passer" they talked about was Cornelius Greene of Ohio State, who had thrown only 38 all year, and then completed six of the eight he tried against USC. It must have been a traumatic experience for Woody Hayes, allowing Greene all those passes. He said afterward that they had "worked, worked, worked on our passing" for the Rose Bowl.



FROM HIS END ZONE, NOTRE DAME'S TOM CLEMENTS THROWS HIS GAME-SAVING PASS



A ROSE BOWL SYNOPSIS: SUCKEY PETE JOHNSON RUMBLES WITH TROJANS IN PURSUIT

The reason Greene was so effective, of course, is that he also fed, fed, fed the ball to his sophomore Tailback Archie Griffin (149 yards) and freshman Fullback Pete Johnson (94 yards and three touchdowns) and ran, ran, ran himself for 45 yards. For sheer beauty, however, there was no play to match the 47-yard touchdown run by Griffin that put USC away for good in the fourth quarter. The long broken-field run is, after more than a century, still the most exciting play in football.

John McKay says he would love to spend his retirement years coaching defense in the NFL, since "you never have to face an option play there," and the option as a viable, expandable weapon has become the most difficult thing to defense in college football. All the major bowl teams used it, in varying doses. Even David Humm, the closest thing to a pure passing quarterback performing over the New Year's weekend—pure passers being passé in college football—ran six times and was the second leading rusher for Nebraska in its 19-3 Cotton Bowl victory over Texas. The Cotton was the most one-sided bowl, although Texas led briefly and had a tie at halftime.

LSU Quarterback Mike Miley came within nine yards of equaling Heisman Trophy winner John Cappelletti's 50-yard net in the Orange Bowl, and did so in half the number of carries. LSU strung out the Penn State line almost every time Cappelletti touched the ball, jammed the

holes with snapping pursuit and shut him down. Penn State still won 16-9, but the only people who would argue that the unbeaten Nittany Lions are in a class with Notre Dame, Ohio State, Oklahoma or Alabama live in Pennsylvania.

The Alabama option is the "triple" out of the Wishbone, and though the Wishbone is still an innovative offense the dimensions it has already displayed seem endless. Parseghian said beforehand that Bryant's infusion of exotic pass patterns made him "uncomfortable" in preparation for Alabama. "I wish they were more conservative," he said.

The Sugar Bowl chess game was terrific, especially if you had an inkling beforehand what the teams were trying to do. Notre Dame, for example, uses so many different defensive alignments it took Alabama a full period to get sorted out. When it did the Tide took such complete command that it seemed Notre Dame would not only fall but be trampled to death. But in a game like this, with the stakes so high, the errors that decide it (errors decide every game whether the stakes are high or not) are often errors of omission. The first of two that beat Alabama came during that long period of dominance during the second and third periods. After pulling ahead 7-6, Alabama let Al Hunter return the kickoff 93 yards for a touchdown. "Let" is a word advisedly used and not meant to detract from Hunter's feat (it was a feat, the only kick returned for a touch-

down against Alabama all year), but Hunter seemed to be the only one in the park who knew what he was doing on the play. No great blocks were thrown. No wild, clawing pursuit made. Both sides seemed to be watching for just the right moment to spring into action. And since no one sprang, Hunter did.

But the most obvious Alabama gaffe was the 30-yard pass to Tight End Dave Casper that put Notre Dame in position for its final winning field goal. Casper was not only covered, he was boxed in at the Alabama 15, and Tom Clements' pass was a Roman candle. Either of Casper's two Alabama escorts—Ricky Davis or David McMakin—might well have made the interception. "Somebody should have been all over his neck," growled Bryant. But Davis, behind Casper to the Alabama side of the field, said he "knew David was in position to make the play," and held off. And McMakin got fooled by the chill wind buffeting the ball and "completely lost sight of it." All Casper did was step right up and have himself a reception.

At the finish Notre Dame, a team of immense poise, had regained the edge it held earlier and was in control. If it was a game either team deserved to win, then certainly Notre Dame deserved it, and now makes a handsome national champion. Because Oklahoma was on probation, and thus kept from showing its stuff in a bowl, and because Ohio State so dominated USC in the Rose, it will be banded that a reasonable doubt was left. USC players and coaches opted for Ohio State and Oklahoma in post-bowl comments, but theirs is an objectivity worth questioning. An abiding animosity exists between USC and Notre Dame.

The Irish appear a better team than Ohio State if only because they are more well-rounded. Oklahoma comes closer to Notre Dame's completeness. Oklahoma, Notre Dame and Alabama were, in 1973, as lovely to look at as any teams who ever played the game, and the pleasure is just beginning, for all three are loaded with young stars. Indeed, the whole of college football is in glowing health, its fans alive and not kicking. The colleges drew record crowds for the 20th straight year, and in terms of producing the kind of drama that could even lure people—including George Blanda—from their New Year's Eve parties, they were an entertainment of consistently high order.

END

At the invitation of United States Steel...

# C. Jackson Grayson, Jr., calls

I urge business and labor to form an American Productivity Center.

The proposed Center will be devoted solely to helping business and labor increase our country's productivity, but in the broadest sense of that word.

To most Americans, productivity improvement means producing more and better goods and services, a growing standard of economic life, a way to fight inflation. It is these things.

But it is more. Much more.

It is human dynamism as well.

For increased productivity also means improving the *nature* and *quality* of life for each human being. It means motivation, dignity and greater personal participation in the design and perform-

ance of work in the plant or office. It means developing individuals whose lives can be productive in the fullest sense.

The Center will seek to achieve a major increase in each of these facets of productivity—not separately but interdependently.

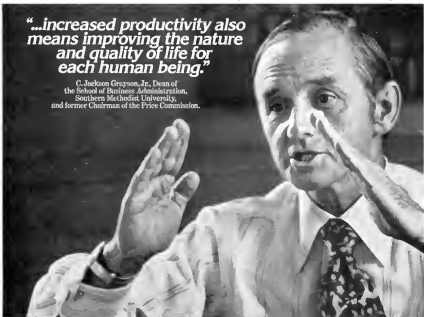
Productivity improvement, spearheaded by such a Center, is crucial. For we are moving from a nation of abundance to a nation of growing scarcity.

The Center will be non-profit. Privately financed. Impartial. Outside of government. Staffed by experts in both capital and human productivity.

It will gather data about productivity from all sources. It will develop

***“...increased productivity also means improving the nature and quality of life for each human being.”***

C. Jackson Grayson, Jr., Dean of  
the School of Business Administration,  
Southern Methodist University,  
and former Chairman of the Price Commission.



# for a new productivity center.

new ideas and techniques. It will seek to increase national understanding of the importance of capital and human productivity through educational programs and communications media.

It will search for new measurement tools. It will help business and labor launch programs of their own to boost productivity.

I find it almost incredible that such an institution does not exist today in the United States. Japan, Israel, Germany—each has a large one in active operation.

In 1776, the 56 Founding Fathers signed a Declaration of Independence that made it possible for generations of Americans to work in a free system and to create the world's most dynamic,

productive society.

Two hundred years later, we need rededication to that dynamism. The Center could be a bicentennial gift from American business and labor to the American people.

And so I propose that when the American Productivity Center is dedicated on July 4, 1976, we symbolize our dedication with the actual signing of a document—a *Declaration of Interdependence*.

By this act we will recognize that labor and business can no longer continue their adversary relationship, that *all of us* are inseparably linked in the productivity quest.

Let us select 56 Americans from labor, youth, business, minorities, senior citizens, immigrants, all segments of society, to sign our new declaration which will embody the same spirit of anticipation, faith, conviction and commitment of our forefathers. With the Center's help, America can move forward to new peaks of productivity. The Center should be created without delay.

*United States Steel is proud to have contributed many of the more productive innovations that are in common use throughout the steel industry today. Most of them have enabled us to provide our customers with better products and services. This, in turn, boosts productivity in their plants as well and ultimately provides better values in the public marketplace. United States Steel Corp., 600 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.*



**We're involved.**

TRADEMARK



# A mountain with

*So believes Glynn Riley, who—in the shadow of Spindletop, among the oil and rice fields near Galveston Bay—protects and preserves the final redoubt of the red wolf* by EDWARD HOAGLAND

Dogs are believed to have originated from Old World wolves 15,000 to 30,000 years ago, so wolves are dogs off the reservation and dogs are reservation wolves. Dogs are good with children because wild wolves are good with *their* offspring. Dogs whimper and cringe when disciplined because of the innate pack discipline of wolves, although at other times dogs are stoical and cheerfully accept the ups and downs of life with a master just as wolves accept the fortunes of the pack they are a part of. Like dogs, wolves bark in alarm and rush at an intruder near the den, and mark their passage through life with semantic squirts of pee.

If we like the idea of having a few primordial wild "dogs" living off the reservation, northern gray wolves would require only a nod from the voters to get a foothold in parts of their old range—in Maine and Wisconsin, for instance. Brought in, they would soon be at home, parcelling up the timberland, one wolf to each three hundred or so deer. In Quebec and Minnesota they are thriving, and if ever the novel idea that the sur-

vival of wolves is important takes hold, the enormous inertia of tradition that so far has worked to all but wipe them out will operate to save them.

But the plight of the southern red wolf cannot be alleviated so easily. The red wolf evidently isn't just a subspecies of the gray, and "endangered" means something different when applied to it. A form of life a million years in the making is on the verge of disappearing—so far gone now that any effort to protect it must involve not only shielding it from man but also from encroachment and hybridization by coyotes. Red wolves, which are big-eared and short-coated, slender, spindly, stilt-legged for coursing through the Southern marshes or under tall forests, have always impressed observers as being rather rudimentary and unemphatic for wolves, fragile in their social linkups, not very clever, easy to trap. (Their name "red" does add a cachet and, now that they are regarded as the most endangered mammal on the continent, conceals their ineptitude from everybody but their friends.) Behavior-

*continued*



**a wolf on it  
stands a little taller**



*Thomas D. Allen*

## Red Wolf continued

ally they resemble gray wolves; ecologically they are more like coyotes. They howl like wolves and snarl when threatened, instead of silently gaping the mouth as coyotes do. They scout in little packs, unlike coyotes, which generally have stripped away the pack instinct for better secrecy in crowded country and better efficiency at hunting small game. A grown male weighs perhaps 60 pounds, between a coyote's 30 or 35 and a gray wolf's 80 pounds. But skinny and streamlined as he is, the red wolf can live on a coyote's diet of rabbits and cotton rats, and where a gray wolf would need about 10 square miles of temperate territory to feed himself—coyotes can get along, distributed as densely as one every square

mile—a red wolf again is in between, needing five square miles to find his food and 10 to 40 to stretch his legs with other members of the pack.

By the late 1920s the red wolves, which once had ranged from Florida to central Texas and north to the Ohio River, were gone everywhere east of the Mississippi and no other predator had replaced them, but west of the Mississippi coyotes from the Great Plains slid right in after the shattered wolf packs stopped defending an area. The coyotes could withstand the settlers' trapping and poisoning campaigns a good deal better, and the logging-blitzing of the old forests actually benefited them. In the Ozarks and the bottomlands of the Mississippi River red

wolves met their end in good order as a species, not mating with coyotes as they were superseded; but on the Edwards Plateau in southwest Texas, where the same blitz of pioneering settlers from the East was followed by an invasion of coyotes from other directions, for some reason the demoralized wolves accepted the coyotes as sexual partners and created with them a hybrid swarm. This swarm moved eastward slowly, irresistibly, absorbing the few remaining wolves of Texas' Hill Country. They bred with true wolves, coyotes and also with wild-running domestic dogs—anything they met and couldn't kill—becoming ever more adaptable, a swarm of skilled survivors in a kind of canine Injun territory situation.





A tiny, ragtag remnant of the red wolf population survived in coastal Texas and Louisiana between the Brazos River and the Atchafalaya; however, biologists did not discover it until 1962. Not until 1968 was any organized recovery effort initiated and not till 1973 was enough funding (\$400,000) provided to really begin.

It seemed unbelievable that these last uncompromised packs should have been found in the Gulf Coast prairies and salt marshes instead of to the north in the piney woods and hillbilly thickets always listed as their home. Could they be living in the vicinity of Houston, Galveston and Beaumont, an old, industrial, heavily settled section of Texas? Houston is Texas' biggest city; Metro Houston grew by 600,000 people during the 1960s to a total of two million. Yet the wolves had ranged within Harris County itself, and beside Galveston Bay and, over in Jefferson County, through fertile rice fields, next to some of the state's earliest oil strikes, such as Spindletop. They numbered only a few hundred and were often poor specimens because the marshes, though rice-rich and oil-rich, are muggy and mosquito-ridden to the point where a calf may smother from the balls of insects that fasten inside its nose. In Chambers County alone there are 10 cattle ranches of more than 10,000 acres, but the only cattle that can survive the bugs during the summer and the windy winters, standing for months untended in the chilly water and the storms, are an indigenous mongrel Brahman breed. Parasites such as heartworms, hookworms, tapeworms, spiny-headed worms infect the wolves and mange plagues them; the sawgrass rips their fur until their tails are naked as a rat's; the spring floods drown their pups.

Texas has considerably less state-owned park and recreation lands than New Jersey and, for its size, remarkably little federal acreage, too, because one of the terms of its annexation to the United States was that the Federal Government acquire no public domain. This means that the fate of the wolves—finally protected by statute for the first time in 1973—is tied up with the rate at which inheritances are taxed and the local tax rate on land. If a handful of ranching oligarchies along the coast fare badly, if their oil runs out or the assessors decide to put the squeeze on them in favor of new industry or summer development, or

if a younger generation coming into possession of the key spreads of property wants to be rich in money instead of open spaces and maybe live elsewhere, it will spell the end of the red wolves.

Part of a wolf-seeker's regimen is to visit mansion houses, therefore, and everywhere one encounters gracious living in the form of magnolias and spacious acreage patrolled by black cowhands. Peacocks, guinea hens and fancy geese stroll the grounds, 10-foot alligators lie in private pools, and there are big-kneed cypresses, pet deer in live-oak groves, oaks festooned with Spanish moss. Quail and mourning doves, mimas, pecans, water oaks, four cars in the garage, cool patios with iron grillwork, long lawns, little lakes, and girls and their daddies (girls so pretty Daddy doesn't quite know what to do with them). Texas is a good place to be rich in, and these men give one to understand, with conscious irony, that they were conservationists because they were conservatives and it would only be when new views took command that the ecology of their grasslands would be disrupted—smiling, because of course a visiting Northern journalist was likely to represent those new views.

Glynn Riley, the federal red-wolf biologist, lives in the small town of Liberty and grew up in Wortham in the East Texas brush not very far away. His father did a bit of trading in scrub horses and cows, and even when there wasn't any money in the house it was a good life for a boy. He's 38, and has that cowpoke look of not putting much weight on the ground when he walks. His face is trim and small, his body slim, his hair curly and neat and his voice mild, so that just as, like many wildlife men, he prefers being inconspicuous, nature has given him the where-withal. He has yet to finish college, having dropped out several times, and is a country-religious man. Although he is subject to more than his share of professional frustrations, if he is speaking bitterly and doing a slow burn, suddenly in mid-sentence he will undergo a change and say of the other individual in an altered tone, "But bless his heart." In the same folksy way, he says, "The good Lord gave the wolf 42 teeth to eat with." He broadcasts wolf howls from his tape recorder on the telephone to interested callers: "Sounds like a pack of Indians." He says a mountain with a wolf on it



stands a little taller, and that a wolf represents everything a man wants to be: "He's free, he's a traveler, he's always on the move, he kills his food. He's worth 300 deer."

Riley has none of the pained air of a late-bloomer; instead he is simply different in this age of Ph.D.s, and suggests that his own head someday ought to be nailed to a museum wall alongside the red wolf's. He is a consummate trapper, has killed "a jillion" coyotes for the government, and thus is as skillful at poltrocking with the old ranchers and trappers as any government agent could be. Although his supervisors include some of the same men responsible for decimating the wolves of Texas in the first place, he gets along with them as other conservationists and biologists have not been able to—in the short, meager life of the program there have been transfers and a great deal of criticism. Indeed, not being a cosmopolitan man, his worst difficulty has probably been in dealing with what should be his natural constituency, the conservationists "up East," that formidable big-city crew of letter writers whom other scientists have rallied effectively to the cause of the gray wolf, polar bear and Indian tiger.

Riley is in the position of knowing more about red wolves than anybody else, yet watching a succession of schooled young men arrive to make their academic names studying the animal before it vanishes. They must turn to him for help, as all the cameramen and journalists who show up in Liberty do, and he has evolved a quietly noncompetitive

continued



*Riley with a tranquilized red wolf, one of only 200 or so that remain in a few coastal counties of Texas.*

view, putting the fun of his work above the rivalries of a career. His own trapline is a private place: he traps a few wolves in order to attach radio-collars to them for tracing their life histories, and traps calf-killing wolves when the ranchers complain, transferring the best of these to a zoo in Tacoma, Wash., where they are kept as breeders for possible restocking in the future. Mostly he traps coyotes, though, especially for prophylactic purposes along the edge of the Big Thicket where the small tracks of the hybrid swarm already have met and mingled with the bigger tracks of the wolves in this final redoubt.

He took me walking with him in the Annahite National Wildlife Refuge next to Oyster Bayou. We saw snow geese, wheeling in platters by the thousands, which answered us at dawn when we sounded a siren to try to get the wolves to howl. We saw coots in the ditches and an alligator so big it looked like two, half in, half out of the water, and pelicans flying, and wavy lines of white ibis and cormorants, and roseate spoonbills like scoops of strawberry ice cream high in the air. There were abundant tracks of otter, mink, raccoon, possum, armadillo. Otters lope in a way that even in the form of prints communicates their speedy eagerness.

Riley himself walked rapidly, hunker-

ing down to feel the marks left by a wolf's toes. He bent right to the ground to smell its scenting-station—a wolf's squirt smells milder, not as musky as a coyote's—to distinguish how much time had passed. The far-flung splatters of tracks were a layout to him. He loves toes, hopping with his hands, his fingers in the toes, and never now encounters a coyote or a wolf that he can't trap if he chooses to. Usually he chooses not to, unless he wants to move them around, but in any part of Texas he can envision the land much as the coyotes do, knowing almost immediately where to find their prints and how to catch those toes. He is like a managerial cowboy, with wolves and coyotes for his cows.

His traps have toothless offset jaws and a long swiveled drag to minimize the damage done. He attaches a bit of cloth steeped in tranquilizer for the wolf to mouth so that it will relax. Sometimes, too, he removes a spring to weaken the bite and adjusts the pan until the jaws close at a touch so that not the slender leg but the resilient paw is pinched. He boils the traps in a black dye, then coats them with beeswax, and has a shed full of dark bottles of wolf, coyote, bobcat and ocelot urine, with bits of anal gland chopped in, or powdered beaver castor or beaver oil, two universal lures. Wolves scratch at a scent post after wetting it,

whereas the cat family will scratch first, and neither is much interested in the other haunts, but to trap either beast he will use the smells of an interloper—wolves love to cross into the territory of another pack and leave their mark to razz the residents, like kids painting their colors on the walls of a rival school.

Riley carries hurt wolves to a veterinarian friend, Dr. Aaron Long, in the town of Winnie. Long pins together any broken bones (wolves will tear off a splint) and administers penicillin and distemper shots and worms them. He is a man who "likes old things," and is the angel of the program, having put thousands of dollars of his own modest funds into the work. He has a scrunched-together, matter-of-fact face, the mouth creased for smiling, and propagandizes for Riley as he makes his rounds among the cattlemen. The only other strong ally of Riley's I was able to find in Texas, in much meandering, was Hank Robison, who sells ballpoint pens and cigarette lighters in Houston. As a crusader and lobbyist, he has worked to get the state wildlife bounties removed. Otherwise the leading naturalists of Houston seem to have been remarkably indifferent, if not actually hostile. The city zoo has not even bothered to exhibit a red wolf, for example. (The zoo director says he could build good quarters for only \$7,000 but

*continued*



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## Red Wolf

that the local millionaires would find the project "controversial.") The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department over the years has taken what might politely be called a minimum of interest. The best blood enzyme studies of the wolves have been done, not at a Texas medical center, but in Minneapolis. Even the Office of Endangered Species of the Interior Department in Washington, D.C. has been slow as a taffy pull about the problem.

Like old-time trapping, Raley's is a lonely business. His best friend lives 600 miles to the west, a legendary tracker working anonymously in equally benign fashion with Texas' handful of mountain lions. When the two of them do manage to get together they can hardly contain their pleasure. They open those pungent brown bottles, hobnob their heads above them like wine experts, breathing the different bouquets, years in the brewing, and amble into the skull shed for some taxonomics. Wolves have more forehead in their skulls than coyotes, but dogs, which are dish-faced, have more forehead than wolves. Wolves have bigger teeth and a proportionately longer, narrower braincase than coyotes or dogs, and the sagittal crest along the ridge of the skull where their powerful jaw muscles attach is more pronounced.

Here in coastal Texas the pioneers found an old-growth forest of big sweet gums, elms, loblolly pines, hackberry trees and beech and oak. Wild violets and blackberries grew where the trees gave out, and then a prairie extended toward the sea, consisting of bluesage bunchgrasses, Indiangrass, gamagrass and switchgrass, with tall bluebells and milkweed stretching blue and white during the spring, and buttercups and Indian pinks under these, but broken by occasional sand knolls covered with yarrow and myrtle brush, where the wolves dened and hid out. Then came a marsh of spunkweed, cattails, cut-grass and the same spartan that the first colonists on the Atlantic fed their livestock. A hayshore ridge fronted the Gulf, beyond which the wolves, white pioneers and Indians crabbled and beach-combed, collecting stunned redfish and oysters after a storm. In the bayous mullet seethed, with gar and bullheads, a wagonload of geese could be shot almost any winter night along the tidal ponds. The wolves fed on deer and coonish ducks

(continued)

## Red Wolf continued

and geese—waterfowl from everywhere north to above Hudson's Bay.

They still do eat birds, mainly cripples from the hunting season. Instead of deer, they chew on stillborn calves and the huge bloated carcasses of steers that die of anaplasmosis or from the winters. The ranchers have built many windmill-driven wells that bring fresh water to the wolves and other wildlife as well as to the cattle, and the U.S. Soil Conservation Service has built raised cow walks and the oil companies, oystershell-based roads running upon embankments that provide the wolves with direct access nearly everywhere. Where the sand knolls have been bulldozed away, windbreaks of salt cedar, pine and Cherokee rose have been planted, fine for denning; better still are the countless miles of canal banks channeling water to the rice farmers. Rice farming has brought in a horn of plenty—as Riley calls it—of rodents. The fields stand fallow every second and third year, and when they are plowed or reflooded, the rice and barn and cotton rats and gobbly mice and big and baby rabbits must scabble out across the levees to another field in a frantic exodus. However, the real staple of the wolves lately is an exotic creature, the nutria, which is a furry South American water rodent weighing 15 or 20 pounds, five times as large as a muskrat, and locally more catholic in its habitat and diet. Nutria were introduced from Argentina to Avery Island, Louisiana by a naturalist in the 1920s but escaped during a hurricane and wandered clear to the Rio Grande and now are shot as pests because they burrow through the levees, breed prodigiously and eat a lot of rice. They have finicky tracks—delicate fingers that can pick up a single grain of rice—but are so clumsy when abroad that they have been a blessing to the beleaguered alligator as well as the red wolf.

Despite the abundance of food, there are less than 200 pure wolves left—hybrids and coyotes already having seceded all but three of these last seven Texas counties under study. One solution might be to give the wolves a Texas island such as Matagorda (already teeming with coyotes); or perhaps there isn't any hope. It may not matter much, if we bear in mind the continent-wide success of coyotes in resettling wild areas—the red wolves have been grist for the mill, making the coyotes bigger and "redder."

continued

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## Red Wolf continued

But Riley has faith that here in Jefferson and Chambers counties his lone trapline can stem the tide, that rabies or a poisoner won't wipe them out in the meantime. When he worked farther west in Lubbock, doing rabbit counts and killing coyotes, he used to watch the badgers and the coyotes turn over cow chips in a partnership to catch the beetles underneath; once he saw a coyote take a jackrabbit away from an eagle, its chest fur shining nobly in the sun. He used to drive a hundred miles or so to chat with an old wolfer who had shot the last gray western lobos at their watering holes. "We thought there'd always be another wolf. We didn't know they would ever play out," the man said.

Red wolves have a higher, less emotive howl than gray wolves and don't blend with each other quite as stylishly but do employ more nuances and personalities than a gabbling family of coyotes. A coyote's howl sounds hysterical, amateurish by comparison, or like "a prolonged howl that the animal lets out and then runs after and bies into small pieces." Riley goes about, looking at the feet of wolf-chewed calves to see if they had ever walked or were born dead. Everywhere he stops his truck to look at tracks—at the short feet of feral dogs, dumped sick originally from hurrying curs along the interstate; at the wide feet of "duck dogs," lost during hunting season; and at the big heelpad and long foot of a true wolf. For the record, too, he collects skulls and skins "off the fence," wherever ranchers still poison them.

I found two likely-looking wolves dead on the highway as I was leaving Texas, and once, alone one night along Elm Bayou, I howled up a wolf a quarter of a mile away that sounded querulous, quirky, unassuming, yowly, variable and fo-

male. We were beginning to converse, but I left it to answer another wolf howling in the distance. This second individual and I talked back and forth until I started to wonder; the sound jerked and creaked, awfully low in pitch, almost like a windmill. Indeed, that's what it was—I'd left a real wolf for a windmill!

One morning soon afterward I was visiting with a rancher who said he wanted to kill all the turkey buzzards in the sky as well as the red wolves. There are plenty of buzzards; we could see about 15 roosting on poles and trees. Just overnight the rain ditches had filled, but suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, lying at a cannon's angle, the kind of sun that made you answer to it, changing, irradiating dead as well as living things. Greens bled into blues and reds, white was black and black was white. Then, in this incredible intensity of light, what the buzzards did, following some lead from an elder, was all at once to spread their wings, holding them outstretched stock-still to dry. What we were witnessing was not unfamiliar; everybody has seen pictures of a totem pole topped by a raven carved with its wings outspread—the Earth's Creator, according to the maker of the totem pole. Ravens are the buzzards of the North. What we were privy to—15 buzzards spread-eagled, metal-colored, in a violent sun—would have transfixed an Indian of the Northwest, would have provided a whole life's ozone to a woodcarver, a vision any warrior would have died for, if in fact his excitement didn't render him invincible. Fifteen images of the Creator in a rising sun would have propelled a great chief into his manhood, after walking naked for a month. An end or a beginning, certainly, except that there are no divine signs now.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

O.J. & CO.

Sirs,

O.J. Simpson is finally receiving some of the credit he deserves (*Vintage June 1994 and 2001*, Dec. 24), but what about the rest of the Buffalo Bills?

In just two years the young Bills under the leadership of Coach Lou Saban have moved from the bottom of their division to a 9-5 record (their first winning record since 1986), second place in the AFC East and within a hairbreadth of the playoffs. Go ahead and use the Bills' easy schedule as an excuse for their nine victories, but what about their impressive wins over powerhouse teams like Kansas City and Atlanta?

Buffalo has been ridiculed long enough in the NFL. Now the Bills are beginning their climb to the top. There is no reason why anyone should be laughing at Buffalo anymore.

SAMIRI BARIAN

Cheekowaga, N.Y.

Sirs,

Ron Fierrie is to be congratulated on his excellent article. O.J. is truly an asset to the game of football, and he will have defensive linemen and backs at his heels for many years to come. The *Time* deserves a lot of credit, not only for gaining 2,003 yards rushing in one season along with his other ballyhooing records but, as Quarterback Joe Ferguson says, for giving credit where credit is due. Simpson is not a Narnath or an Ah who will tell you why he is great. Instead, he will tell you who opened the hole.

MARK MILLER

Woodridge, Ill.

Sirs,

May I interpose, nay, interject, a still, small voice from the past? In all of the hoopla over O.J. Simpson's 2,003 yards breaking Jim Brown's record of 1,861 I must speak of another legendary hardnose, the old Washington Redskins Cliff Battles. His record stood a long time. Of all the great runners past and present he was, at my estimation, Nasher, Dasher, Donder and Vixen all rolled into one. He backed the Skins' line, he did their punting, he threw and completed halfback passes, and, in the words of the immortal Sammy Baugh, "He followed interference second to no man I ever saw." Granland Rice mentioned him among the best.

Records are made to be broken, as O.J. says. But for a man who played only six years in the NFL, was three times all-league and the leading ground-gainer twice, one hears remarkably little today of the fabled Robcat from West Virginia Wesleyan.

DAVE GREEN

Mt. Sterling, Ohio

MASTERS OF THE RING

Sirs,

It is interesting to note that in your story on the heavyweights (*The Power and the Glory of the Champ*, Dec. 24) three of the four experts listed Ezzard Charles as one of the top six of all time. Only Nat Lubet, who admits to favoring old-time fighters (there are seven pre-1930 fighters on his list), omitted him. I have been 'touting Charles' skills for years and I am happy to see a majority of this particular group of experts agrees with me. Strangely enough, Ezzard was probably the very best light heavyweight who ever lived, although he never held that title. Anyone who disagrees might ask Archie Moore, who was so good in the mid to late 1940s nobody could go near him. Ezzard did, three times, and he beat him three times, the last time (1948) by a knockout. This little-known fact, by the way, generally stumps even knowledgeable fight fans who, when asked the question, invariably say, "Moore musta killed him."

TONY NADIELLE

Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sirs,

Cus D'Amato's statement that boxing can be divided into two periods, "the old and rather primitive days and the modern era of superior techniques" began with Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson. "is a blatant misconception and an injustice to the boxing artists of the early 20th century. The two fighters he speaks of would be the first to disagree with D'Amato."

To back up my claim I quote from Steve Rot, Robinson's autobiography, with Dave Anderson, in which Robinson cites his early boxing education at the old Grupp's Gymnasium in Harlem. "I really had gone to college in Grupp's. My professors were the old-timers who hung around there. Famous old fighters like Harry Wells, Kid Norfolk, Panama Joe Gans. And some not so famous ones like Solder Jones. All they did was talk boxing and all I did was listen." Joe Louis learned his "superior techniques" from Jack Blackburn, a boxing master who was considered a top professional from 1904 to 1909. The techniques of great boxing are old; it is the modern boxers who are superior.

If the great fighters of today such as Joe Napoles and Bob Foster had been competing half a century ago, they would merely be considered two among a host of other outstanding, highly qualified ring technicians.

MICHAEL SIVAK

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs,

I got a real bang out of reading about the heavyweight boxing champions. However, I

was most interested in the so-called experts' opinions on the 10 greatest all-time heavyweights. I note that all said "experts" were white. Funny thing about that, the real experts in the ring, like the guy in there throwing the leather, almost always wind up being black. That's why the black man has held the heavyweight championship all but four years and eight months since June 22, 1937. And the black man could have taken the same championships long ago, before the turn of the century, if the likes of John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett had not been afraid of the likes of Black Peter Jackson. Let's face it, baby, I have researched that subject more years than I care to admit. And one thing I discovered long ago: a good black man can beat a good white man any day in the week and twice on Sundays.

Truly great heavyweights come along about once in a decade. Taking each and every one of the 25 men who have held the heavyweight championship from Sept. 7, 1892 to date, you can count the best on your two hands, or less. And now for the shocker: many a one of them was white. A great champion takes his opponents as he comes to them, as Joe Louis did. He does not hand-pick the washouts, the sumps and the no-bodies, as all of the white heavyweights who have passed themselves off as champion have done.

The 15 white men who have been called heavyweight champion since 1892 held the title about 40 years combined. They defended the title a mere 46 times, by carefully avoiding the black man, or any fighter who could give a good account of himself. The 10 black men who have held the same title close to 40 years defended it 73 times, and for the most part against all comers. They gave white hope after white hope a shot at taking it back, but the white hopes could not and still cannot cop the crown. To paint the picture even brighter in this case blacken it, in heavyweight championship matches between blacks and whites, of the 57 chances, which has been seven white blacks has taken the other 50. Of the seven times the white has beaten the black man, six times the black man was already old and over the hill. The exception occurred in 1959 when Ingemar Johansson called Floyd Patterson. But Patterson came back to retake the title a year later and became the first and only man to hold the title twice.

However, in all fairness, I cannot be proud of George Foreman for not defending his title more. A black champ is supposed to be a fighting champ, in my book, and Foreman is not living up to the black champ's fighting image.

LEONARD L. COMPTON

Boston

continued



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## 18TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

Had I read your article about professional boxing in a copy of *Mad*, I would have commented on what a great job they had done satirizing man's extreme cruelty and ignorance. However, since I found the article in *SI*, I can only suspect that you are glamorizing what you seem to believe is a sport. When two men get into a ring simply to knock each other's brains out, it is not sport.

PAUL BURGIN

Fairfax, Calif.

Sirs:

You've done it! You've really done it! *The Power and the Glory* by Ernest Hemingway was one of your incomparable articles. What took so long?

There is just one thing that Mr. Hemingway left out. There is an old saying that "as heavyweight boxing goes, so goes boxing." This could be changed by bringing other illustrious fighters to the public's attention. There are many. You could do something about that. What do you say?

STEVE MCCORMICK

Hornell, N.Y.

## GOOD SCOUT

Sirs:

I surely enjoyed *Liege Lord of the Latin Hopes* (Dec. 24) by Frank Deford. Howie Haak and I worked for Brooklyn and Pittsburgh for more than 10 years.

As Mr. Deford pointed out, Howie has one of the great retentive minds, which is a must when it comes to scouting. Every boy of ability a scout sees will reflect some other player who has met with success in professional baseball. This tingers the scout's mind and makes him aware that he has a prospect in the boy. The degree of the prospect is then figured by comparing his physical tools to those of the player of reference. The ability to put this all together and project how far it will carry the boy makes a scout. Howie Haak is one of the top men in baseball. I owe what success I have had to him and to Mr. Branch Rucker Sr., the man who set up the system.

The scouts are the backbone of every baseball organization. It is nice to see one of the forgotten men recognized.

ROSS (ROSEY) GILHOUSEN  
Western Director of Scouting  
Kansas City Royals

Santa Ana, Calif.

## AT THE NET

Sirs:

Joe Jarek's article *That Russian Black Magic* (Dec. 17) was frosting on the cake to anyone who watched the Grand Prix finals of the Masters Round Robin. Quite the best tennis article on a tournament I've ever read. To be fair, Jimmy Connors must have some-

What else going for him besides his tennis game and his fiancée?

DICK JONES

Janesville, Wis.

Sirs:

Once again you have failed to recognize Tom Gorman as one of the stars of tennis. You only briefly mentioned his name, even though he beat Nastase. I think Gorman's fine play and sportsmanship deserve more.

DON FAVIER

Cumano Island, Wash.

TITLISTS

Sirs:

I was most distressed to note your failure to cover the Dec. 8 NAIA championship game in Shreveport, La. The Wildcats of Abilene Christian College walked to an impressive 42-14 victory over Elon College of North Carolina, its Abilene Christian's freshman All-America tailback, Wilben Montgomery, broke NCAA and NAIA single-season records with 37 touchdowns.

BRIAN HARRISMAN

Abilene, Texas

Sirs:

Outside of always guessing right about UCLA winning the NCAA basketball championship, your track record for picking winners of national titles has not been very impressive. We were very pleased, however, to see your prediction (Scouting Reports, Sept. 10) about Louisiana Tech capturing the NCAA Division II championship come true. Obviously, I'd was aware that we had something special in LHTU this year.

WALTER JAKULA, D.D.S.

JAMES FLORENCE, D.D.S.

Reston, La.

PRIDE OF SAGINAW

Sirs:

Obviously high school football doesn't rank with the pros, but maybe you will agree that the following is an exceptional event. What is perhaps the best high school football team Michigan has ever had, Saginaw's Arthur Hall, has recently completed a spectacular season. Not only did the team win all of its games, it was never scored upon. The offense added 443 points to the perfect defensive effort, for an average of 49 in each of the nine games (more than a point a minute). The lowest output was 34 points, while twice the team scored more than 60 points. This shutout season is unequalled in Michigan Class A football since 1933.

Arthur Hall's climb to the top is very similar to a Horatio Alger story. In the three years from 1968 to 1970 the Lumberjacks' record was 1-25-1. Then George Ihler came to Saginaw, and with him as head coach Arthur Hall put together a 21-5-1 record from 1971 to 1973. The Lumberjacks now have a

continued

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## MULTIPLE OFFENSES Sins

As a graduate of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., I was able to empathize with the piece entitled "Name of a Name" in the Dec. 17 SCORECARD, describing the frustrations of Miami University alumni.

Wesleyan, a member of the Little Three, along with Amherst and Williams, is usually recognized as one of the nation's finest liberal arts institutions. Few people, however, are as well acquainted with Wesleyan as they are with our rival schools. Part of the problem is that Amherst and Williams have contributed such pro football players as the Cowboys' Jean Fagan, the Dolphins' Doug Swift and Jack Mauland, who played for the Super Bowl champion Colts and later for the Patriots. It doesn't help any that the man who is one of the finest players in the history of Little Three football, Tight End Stu Blackburn, Wesleyan class of '69, spurned the pros to join the Peace Corps.

But an even bigger thorn in our side has been the dozen or more Wesleyan colleges preceded in title by the name of a state, such as West Virginia, Nebraska or Kentucky. The best solution for this problem was proposed by a student several years ago in a discussion about alternative uses for the school's very large endowment. The board of trustees, it was submitted, should use Wesleyan's millions to found a number of small, parochial colleges and call them North Dakota Williams, Iowa Amherst, Tennessee Williams, Oklahoma Amherst, etc.

PETER N. MICHAELSON

Philadelphia

## CROSS-COUNTRY DRINK Sins

Drink, don't nibble! Ski nibbling (SCORECARD, Dec. 10) isn't all good and some of it is bad. The basic idea in cross-country skiing is the same as in marathon running or any other endurance sport: replacing liquid loss is primary. Second is glucose replacement. The rule in cross-country is to drink little and often: in racing, half a cup or so every 20 minutes of a drink containing 5% to 10% glucose and 1% to 2% salt. Oatmeal, peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches and M & M's are O.K. if you stop for a meal or a snack. That chicken soup may be O.K., too, but not heavily salted.

M. MICHAEL BRADY

Oso

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